

loving you came easily

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loving you came easily

by [athasa](#)

Summary

George and Dream don't let their second genders get in the way of their friendship, even when most people balk at the idea of letting soft-looking Omega George live with boisterous Alpha Dream. So what if George likes Dream's scent and Dream likes to take care of George? They're just two best friends trying to get through life while Sapnap laughs at them being idiots.

Until everything goes horribly wrong in one day.

(After a slight misunderstanding, Omega George goes into a particularly awful heat and Alpha Dream must decide what his dear friend really means to him.)

Notes

This was written over one week and was meant to be an oneshot. After realizing that the word count totals over 20,000 words, I realized that maybe I should break it up. So if you notice that the chapter beginnings and ends are a bit clunky, my deepest apologies. I have been writing in a feverish haze without editing or a Beta reader in order to indulge myself and so this isn't really the best work.

It is also my first attempt at writing smut, so apologies if it seems strange.

First chapter is all fluff and a bit of angst from our dear, oblivious Dream. With a very confused George and an unlucky Techno added in for flavor. Enjoy!

Obligatory disclaimer: I highly respect the content creators in this piece and would never dream of forcing characteristics, sexual orientations, relationships, or any other particular labels onto them. If they ever request that this kind of content be taken down, I will immediately do so. Again, to reiterate, I understand that their real selves and the characters or personas I portray in my writing are in no way the same and I respect them and thank them for their willingness for letting me as a content consumer to express and interpret myself through their work.

could i have had you?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Everyone had told them it was a bad idea, rooming together, but they did it anyways.

Omegas and Alphas almost never were roommates, for fairly obvious reasons. Their school, rather well-known, tried to keep their slate as clean as possible, and that meant no (to use the legal wording) “unfortunate incidents”. And the unspoken rule was generally uncontested- for most students, even the idea of being on the same floor was nerve-racking, though the reasons varied.

So it was almost like fate that George and Clay weren't like most students.

George was an omegan British transfer student majoring in Advanced Computer Science, known to be one of the best in their class. His soft looks and generally sweet demeanor endeared him to many, even though he preferred to stick with his close friends.

His best friend and partner in crime, Dream, as he was commonly known, was an Alpha majoring in English and minoring in Computer Science. He was infamous for balancing on the edge of a jock and a nerd, being a quarterback but also minoring in Comp Sci, and also putting the class at ease with his goofy nature, but he was kind and attractive and most of the school loved him.

You'd think the two would be at two ends of the spectrum, but you'd be very wrong. The two had met on their first day and after a small scuffle had immediately hit it off, and the school had to get used to them practically being attached at the hip ever since.

But if there was any Alpha that would match so well with an Omega, it was Dream, and if there was an Omega that would match so well with an Alpha it was George, so maybe it wasn't so surprising at all. It was almost uncanny, the way they seemed to vibrate on the same wavelength.

It still took a lot of adjusting, especially since the Omegas wanted to keep their new, soft, sweet looking friend safe amongst them, and the Alphas considered it weird that the boisterous, handsome jock was constantly dipping his head to peer down at his smaller friend. But Dream constantly proved himself to be trustworthy no matter his base instincts. And George constantly showed that he wouldn't let his secondary gender hold him back or define him in any way.

(Let's just say the small, unassuming boy could be unexpectedly fierce when the time called for it. And loud. So, so loud.)

So the school got used to seeing the two around each other, usually surrounded by a group of more friends. On the rare occasions when you could smell George's sweet scent vanilla and cream on its own, it was almost guaranteed that Dream's sharper pine and evergreen would come soon after, as if his scent was searching for George's. And if you concentrated hard enough, you could smell them on the other.

Of course rumors (and bets) flew around as to the nature of their relationship, but George remained unmarked and the two never went beyond platonic affection (Dream usually had to claw it out of George, but it still counted!), so the gossip simmered down. They just had to get used to the fact that nothing was happening, that Dream and George were roommates who weren't meant to be roommates and nothing more.

Right?

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George shuffled in his chair as he stretched, basking in the morning sun. He kicked his legs almost childishly as he tried to work feeling into them, a huge yawn splitting his face.

He had had a very productive morning, beating out two coding programs that he was going to turn in for extra credit and homework. But he had only slept for three hours, a brief nap before getting to work. He sighed- his sleep schedule was so fucked. But it wasn't totally his fault, last night had been stra-

Suddenly, a cup of coffee was set in front of him with a muffled clack, the liquid the lightened color that came from adding sugar and milk. George blinked blearily at it before registering the tall presence grinning down at him. "Dream?"

"Who else, Georgie?" Dream quipped before taking a swig of his own coffee (black and unbearably bitter- George didn't understand how). "You didn't even notice me calling your name. Did you even sleep last night?"

"A little." George mumbled into his mug, feeling the caffeine tickle at his nerves. "I woke up and decided to get a jumpstart on some work." He gave a short yawn again. "Thank you for the coffee, Dream."

"I knew you'd be sitting here. Bet you haven't moved, huh?" When George nodded, Dream sighed teasingly, wagging a finger. "You should sleep more. I could smell the sleep on you from across the room, but I'm not always gonna be here to bring you coffee."

George scrunched his nose. Dream was way more sensitive to smell than he was, being an alpha and all. Still, it was super weird that Dream knew exactly how he was feeling all the time just by smelling his pheromones. "It's so weird when you do that. Also you can't talk. Your sleep schedule is shit too."

"I slept early last night!" Dream chuckled as he sat at his own desk, leaning back.

"If you consider midnight to be early, then sure. But that was only because you had an 8 o'clock today. How's Shakespeare treating you, by the way?" He snickered at the defeated look on the other's face.

"I can't wait until we get to creative writing." He grumbled. "I'm sick of writing sonnets, I'm running out of topics to bullshit."

"What's Sapnap doing?" George asked. Sapnap was a Beta and their closest friend, who was also majoring Computer Science and minoring English alongside Dream.

Dream groaned. "He's been writing about that girl he's been texting. What a simp."

George cackled. "Simpnap. Wasn't he considering asking her to prom by serenading her on violin?"

"I dunno, I wasn't listening." Dream took a deep gulp of his coffee, like it was beer and he was a disgruntled middle aged man at the bar. "It's unfair, my last sonnet was about the Dining Hall spaghetti and there's Sapnap just fawning over the ladies."

George chuckled. "Just find a muse like Sap did. Preferably not one made from sub-par noodles."

"It's not that easy, you- you code nerd." Dream glares at him before downing the rest of his coffee. How did he do that? It was still steaming. Did the man not have nerves in his throat? George

chuckled, balancing his cup between his hands and sipping delicately from it.

"Hey, you're a code nerd too."

"Whatever you say, 'Advanced Programming' nerd boy."

"Pissbaby."

"Bitch boi."

George didn't even dignify the mocking drawl with an answer, flipping him off and sipping again at his coffee.

"You're so slow." Dream noted, watching him mouth at the rim of the mug. "You should just swallow it like me."

"And burn my tongue? I think not, cretin."

"Oops, forgot you're too delicate. Sorry, baby." Dream laughed. Then he half-frowned as George choked and raised an eyebrow at him. "No. Wait. That's not what I meant."

George coughed again, then adopted a nonchalant face. He really hoped Dream couldn't smell the embarrassment on him. "For an English minor you suck at speaking english."

"For a busy college student, you suck at drinking coffee."

"I have time to enjoy my drink. Mr. Clark canceled our class for some reason." George took a long sip, then peered at his friend carefully. "Can't say the same thing about Coach for your practice, star quarterback. Don't you have a game tonight?"

"Wha- oh, FUCK!" Dream jumped out of his seat and dashed to get his things and down to the field. He flung off his customary green hoodie, launching it at George, who caught it with a squeal, almost spilling his coffee. Dream barely slipped his sneakers half on before he cursed again and just sprinted out the door.

"Bye, see you later, Dreamy!" George called smugly after him, and right before the door closed he saw the way Dream's middle finger flipped up at him.

He snickered to himself and sat back after throwing the hoodie in a random direction, sipping the rest of his coffee slowly now that he was left to his thoughts.

Really, Dream was right. He really did need to fix his sleeping schedule. It was always bad but it had gotten worse the past few days, with him waking up at random hours of the night, strangely sore and aching all over. Or in a pool of his own sweat, discomfort tickling at his limbs.

He really hoped Dream didn't notice- the man usually slept like a brick but also was strangely attuned to changes in his emotion. He remembered one night a while ago, when he was having a late night and Dream was dozing instead of finishing his homework. He had gotten up to use the bathroom and stubbed his toe on the way back, biting a curse back as to not wake up his roommate but feeling a rush of anger and pain.

Not even a second later Dream had sprung up, eyes tired with sleep, but hackles raised, shouting, "George! What's wrong?"

He had been stunned, and after a beat of silence, said, "I uh, I just stubbed my toe..."

And Dream breathed a sigh of relief, mumbled, "Clumsy Georgie." and promptly went to sleep again.

It was such a strange thing, because he was sure that his muffled curse wasn't what had woken Dream up, because the taller man was wearing headphones and blasting music so loud even George could faintly hear the "Heart been broke so many times-" across the room (on a side note-how were his ears not bleeding?).

So the only answer to how Dream somehow bolted up in response to him stubbing his toe was him being able to smell or otherwise sense his pain and frustration. Which was kind of weird, yeah, but Dream had already told him that he had a better sense of smell than most, on top of being an alpha.

It was the reason why George had bought a bottle of scent suppression pills when they had first become roommates, not wanting to bother the other. But it became too much of a hassle to continuously take them, and Dream was sure to notice something was off. So they just sat in his bedside drawer.

He frowned as he remembered Dream mentioning he could smell the tired on him, which was interesting. Maybe he should start taking them again? He didn't want to annoy the other by just feeling emotions.

George finished his coffee and yawned again, warmth curling in his gut. He was really thankful that Dream dropped by to bring him some coffee because he knew he was tired. He was a really caring friend, whether it was because of those pesky Alpha instincts or whatever.

But even though the caffeine was supposed to have kicked in by now, the warmth and the milk and sugar against his tongue actually just made him more tired. The sleeplessness of the last few nights was really catching up to him.

Last night had been the worst night, with him waking up feeling strangely lonely and slightly sore. But shooting a quick look at Dream showed he had started stirring in his sleep, and he'd feel really bad if he woke him up. Early morning classes were a bitch. So he had gotten up and started working, hoping to distract himself from the strange discomfort in his gut. It had worked after a while.

Maybe a short nap wouldn't hurt? He was free for the whole day anyways. Dream wasn't supposed to be back for two hours, and then he had his away game an hour or so after that. He stretched again and left the mug on his desk, resolving to clean it later.

He pulled his shirt off. He was still wearing pajama pants (aka shorts), but had taken off the shirt in favor of a hoodie when he woke up because their room was kind of cold in the mornings. He sat on his comfortable bed, suddenly feeling the sleep deep in his bones, his eyes drifting closed as he yawned. He grasped around blindly for his shirt and upon seemingly finding the cloth, slipped it on, humming sleepily.

Huh. Is that pine?

And he promptly fell asleep.

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Damn it, George, you couldn't have told me I was gonna be late for practice? Dream huffed as he stalked through the campus back to the dorm room he shared with George, hair slick with sweat and sharp pine scent tinged with displeasure.

Their room was in a secluded area of the dorm, and was actually the biggest room on campus. The administration, when both Dream and George insisted on rooming together, finally gave in but made sure to give them a room way out of the way and a lot of space. It was quite nice, actually.

But it was rather far from the football field, so even at full speed he was constantly late for practice. His coach wasn't very happy about that, but Dream knew he'd never get kicked off, since he was the best quarterback they had for a while (a fact that made him puff his chest with pride). But he *had* made him sprint 10 laps around the field, yelling whenever he slowed down.

He had just wanted to take care of George and bring him his usual sugar-sweet coffee, since he'd been acting weirdly the past few days- whimpering and trembling in his sleep, waking up consistently early, and just in general being quite out of it. It took awhile for him to respond when called, and he seemed clumsier than usual, which concerned Dream. He was usually way more alert.

Not to mention his scent seemed overpowering at times, so much that the Alpha in him could sense the subtlest change of emotion. He was quite attuned to the warm vanilla scent that his friend constantly let out, probably because living with him meant the sweet scent clung to absolutely everything.

(Also, he wouldn't admit it, but more than once when George had done him a favor and done his laundry, he had gone to class quite pleased that his clothes smelled faintly of vanilla bean. He particularly remembered an occasion when Sapnap had seen the content on his face, sniffed him once, and drolly asked him if they had fucked. The answer was obviously an emphatic no, but it was hilarious nonetheless).

As he drew closer to their room, he raised his head and noticed that the scent of vanilla was slightly muted, not enough for anyone else to notice, but enough for his sensitive nose to crinkle in confusion. He slammed the door open (it was practically never locked, mostly because no one ever came to the secluded area and Dream had a nasty habit of losing keys).

"Ugh, Coach was pretty pissed at me for being late, especially since we have the big game tonight- C'mon George, you couldn't have cut me som- Oh..."

George was curled in his bed, sheets tucked under his chin, legs sticking awkwardly out, snoozing delicately. Even from across the room, Dream could see his long lashes stretched over the dark circles under his eyes, which he had also noted earlier.

Poor Georgie. He must be tired as all hell.

At the sound of his grumpy voice, George snuffled, and then shifted and turned to face him with an unintelligible mumble, eyes still closed. Dream winced, feeling instantly guilty as it became obvious that he had quite rudely woken the other up.

"-Oh, shit, sorry. Were you napping?" Dream's voice became softer, almost gentle, as he walked further inside and closed the door behind him. George smiled softly, and Dream felt his lips curve up in response. *Aw. That's kind of cute.*

"Makes sense. You did practically pull a few all-nighters." At that, George gave a faintly questioning murmur, and Dream laughed as he came closer. "Don't think I haven't noticed you waking up during the night, Georgie. You shouldn't underestimate the-"

Then he sucked in a surprised breath.

When George had shifted to face him, the blankets had slipped from his chin and Dream could now see that George was in a familiar green hoodie.

His hoodie.

The one he had thrown at him that morning.

Holy shit. Is that the sound of my brain breaking?

He stared down at the limp form of his best friend, mind seemingly shorting out. He had never really seen how big he was in comparison to George, but this only confirmed it. The hoodie quite honestly dwarfed the smaller boy, draping over his thin arms to form floppy sweater paws that George had snugly tucked under his chin along with the blankets.

The bottom reached his mid-thigh, almost like a dress. Because George was in his sleeping shorts, it exposed his long, lanky, pale legs and the neon green color made him almost ethereal-looking, as if he was one of those fairies that Shakespeare kept writing about in the pieces they read in English class.

The inhale had also revealed why his vanilla scent smelled a little off- it was mingling heavily with his own woody evergreen smell, which Dream usually disregarded. And yeah, he was used to their scents mixing (they were roommates, for goodness sake), but the way the pine curled around the Omega made his cheeks burn red.

Yup. Definitely bluescreening. Because why the fuck is this making me so happy?

At the unexpected silence, George made a small, impatient noise and cracked open a heavy eyelid to meet his wide gaze as he loomed over him. He hadn't even noticed that he had come even closer, almost sitting on George's bed.

Dream pursed his lips, then said shakily, "Are you... wearing my hoodie?"

George blinked up dazedly at him, then slowly shifted his head to look down at himself. He gave a slight, noncommittal shrug. "Mm."

Is that all you have to say? Dream gaped at him and the uncharacteristic answer, cheeks scarlet. What was going on? Usually George'd be reveling in the stunned state he was in ("Oh Dreaaam, struck speechless by my beauty?"), or he'd be screaming with embarrassment ("No no no! It's! Not what you think!"). Both of those answers would be manageable, because Dream would be able to resort to his default response- teasing. But seeing George so hazy and vulnerable left his stomach in confused knots.

"I- George, are you sick or something?" He managed to splutter. "You're being... really weird."

"No...? But..." And he wriggled slightly, snuggling into the blankets and blinking up at Dream dopily. "...M tired, Dream." He mumbled, and Dream's throat was dry because *damn* were George's eyes big and dark and warm, like a doe.

"I... I can see that, Georgie." And he reached out to press his palm tentatively at George's forehead, because he *had* to be sick, that was the only explanation for how weird he was being. Dream thought he had seen it all- they had been friends for 4 years and lived together for 3, and Dream prided himself on knowing everything about his friends. But this was...

George wrinkled his nose and closed his eyes as Dream touched him, then relaxed and actually pressed into his hand slightly. "Ew... you're sweaty..." And Dream realized he was, he hadn't

taken a shower because he was too eager to get back and snip at George for not letting him know he was going to be late.

“Sorry. You *do* seem a little warmer than usual though, Georgie. Are you running a fever?” He frowned before removing his hand, and George made another snuffling noise, seemingly starting to slip back into sleep.

“...Go take a shower... you smell. So much pine... Hmmrgh.” He mumbled before turning back over and pulling the hood over his head with a huff.

Dream snorted at that and drew back, still a bit worried, but it now made sense why George was being so weird. He must have been coming down with something the past few days, and it was just now hitting him. He frowned, considering his options.

It was unfortunate timing, since Dream was going to be gone for longer than usual, since after the away game they were actually going to a small afterparty for sports camaraderie or whatever, and he wouldn't be able to take care of George. Maybe he could ask Sapnap or Bad to check up on George while he was gone and bring him some medicine? Because George had a weird thing where he was absolutely awful at taking care of himself, much to Dream's displeasure. In fact-

“Did you even eat breakfast?” He asked sternly, and George shuffled.

“...No...”

“Thought so. I mean, we have plenty of food stockpiled here, but...” Dream shook his head and grabbed his toiletries, moving quietly so as to not disturb the Omega anymore. He paused at the door, looking fondly at the slumped form on the bed. “I'll be back, okay dumbass? I'll bring you some food from the dining hall too. Would you like that?”

George didn't answer, but his comforting vanilla smell scent spiked for a second, and Dream smiled before leaving.

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George was warm. Really, really warm. And his heart was trying to beat out of his chest, and his body was strangely sore. Everything was wrong, everything was murky and unfocused, and there was no one to ground him and pull him out, no one to save him from drowning in the thick nothingness.

It was as if he was stuck inside himself, as if he was collapsing into himself, as if he was sinking deeper and deeper into murky darkness. He couldn't move his limbs far, and for the first time in a really, really long time, he felt weak.

Where was he? What time was it? What was happening? Thinking was a chore, like his neural pathways were filled with fudge. He shuddered once, feeling very small.

He buried his nose in the hoodie wrapped around him, searching desperately for the calming pine scent it was laced with, the only piece of comfort that he had. It was getting fainter, and he whimpered in discomfort, some part of him balking at the sound. It was needy and high and involuntary and *embarrassing*. He wasn't usually like this, he was rather steady for an Omega, especially since...

He frowned and pressed further into the blankets. Oh shit, maybe he was sick, maybe he should have taken better care of himself. He missed- he was missing something, he was missing something important, and the emptiness he felt was all-encompassing. He was alone, why was he

alone? Where was...?

Suddenly, he felt a strong presence enter the room. He faintly heard a voice, but it came through like it was filtering through molasses. He grumbled and pressed himself into his blankets, pulling them over his head.

The presence moved closer and pulled at the blankets curiously. It said something else. George groaned. Why couldn't it just go away? He didn't want it, it smelled all wrong, like fire and ashes, like the smoke billowing in the air after an explosion. He didn't want it.

What did he want?

The voice grumbled something and the bed sagged next to him. Suddenly, a strong hand pressed into his shoulder, and he gasped as he was manhandled, the actions rough and firm. The hand turned him over and pulled the sheets from his head.

George blinked blearily up at the sudden light, eyes half-lidded, and saw a startled, handsome face. He was looming over him, one hand on his headboard and the other on the bed, almost boxing him in. His shoulders were broad and bulky and he had dark tousled hair that was dyed pink at the ends. His eyes, wide with surprise, reinforced the scent of fire and smoke- stormy dark grey.

He didn't know this person. But something in him whimpered: *That's not yours*. The thought made him wriggle.

"Oh, fuck," At last the voice, rumble, tired, and impossibly deep, started to filter in. "You're not Dream."

George had the strangest urge to laugh. *That's my line*.

Just then, the door opened again, and George let out a whine at the smell of pine that flooded the room.

"Oh."

Then it was gone just as fast as it came, the door slamming against the doorframe.

===

Dream stalked through the halls away from his room, away from the suffocating scent of smoking vanilla that clung to his lungs, following him like one of those cartoon rain clouds. He had a package of to-go pasta in his hand- fettuccine alfredo, George's favorite- that was almost in danger of rupturing under his fingers as they tried to close into fists.

He had been so happy earlier, on a staggering high as he quickly consumed his lunch next to a bemused Sapnap. When he told him to slow down or he'd choke, he just ate faster, wanting to get back to George before he left for his away game.

(He then promptly choked on a piece of chicken, making Sapnap roll his eyes and pound him on the back with a drawn out sigh, mumbling about how he didn't get paid enough for this bullshit.)

The thought of George wrapped in his scent and wearing his hoodie was strangely enough to put a silly smile on his face. Even better was the idea that he was waiting for him to get back with food, that he was taking care of his friend. As he shoveled pasta into a to-go container for George ("And you call me a simp," Sapnap snickered, making Dream flush), he had updated Sapnap on George's condition and strange sickness.

Sapnap had paused with a strangely worried look on his normally cheerful face, but agreed to text him later to make sure that the Omega was okay. He waved as Dream bounded back to his dorm, almost running into a few people in his fervor.

It was only about 40 minutes. 40 minutes of the blazing high, better than any drug or drink (not that Dream would know anything about that).

But apparently, 40 minutes had been enough.

Because when he opened the door, ready to shake the slumbering boy awake and make sure he was okay, he was met with the sight of a broad back practically pinning George to his bed as the Omega, face flushed a beautiful red and his dark eyes half-lidded, let out a long, high whimper that made his toes curl in his shoes.

He then registered the back as belonging to his teammate, an Alpha called Techno who played running back, easily recognizable by his distinctive pink locks.

“Oh.”

The growl, filled with pure aggression, was the only thing he let out before quickly turning on his heel and striding away, slamming the door so hard that he swore he heard cracks form.

He actually didn't know Techno all that well. He was a good teammate and a fantastic running back, and they were both majoring in English, so he actually saw him pretty often. Dream was also pretty sure they actually had a bit of a playful rivalry going on. Maybe he could even consider them somewhat friends. But when he realized that it was Techno on top of George, all he wanted to do was punch him square in the face over and over again.

Maybe that was a little unfair. It wasn't exactly that it was Techno on top of George, it was more that *anyone* was on top of George.

Okay. Well. He supposed that that wasn't completely right either. He probably wouldn't be feeling this all-encompassing rage if the person on top of George was-

Nope, let's NOT think about this right now. Or you're ACTUALLY going to break something. Like Techno's nose. Dream gritted his teeth and slammed the package of pasta onto a side table in the common area before continuing to stalk out of the dorm, looking for a quiet area.

This was hurting his head. He didn't want to think about it. All he wanted to do was sit and stew in his own anger for a couple hours while blasting music in his headphones like he was back in his emo phase, drowning out the world and his own thoughts, hoping that when he came back everything would be like 45 minutes ago.

Then he checked his watch and cursed at the time. Nope. They actually only had maybe 15 minutes before they were due on the travel bus.

Well, at least that means George and Techno can't get into anything too intense. Dream thought vindictively, distantly surprised at the nasty way he was acting.

It wasn't like he and George were dating, or anything beyond friends. They might be roommates and close friends, but that didn't give Dream a claim of any kind over him. He knew this, but he couldn't help but feel betrayal like a knife wound in his heart, sharp and hot, at the thought of George being intimate with someone else while still wearing *his* scent, his hoodie obviously not enough as a claim considering the way they both disregarded it.

Fuck, he thought he was at the very least George's best friend. He thought they told each other everything, their secrets kept in the space between their beds at night. How had he not known that George had fallen in love, how had he not smelled the other Alpha on his roommate, how had he not realized how he was losing everything and it was his fault?

Dream didn't even know that George knew Techno, much less that they were that... friendly. Hell, until a few minutes ago he didn't even know that George swung that way! He swallowed, a rush of sadness filtering through him and dousing his anger for a split second. Maybe he didn't know his roommate as well as he thought he did.

And maybe Techno did.

The thought made him bare his teeth, spots of rage flying behind his eyes. He aimed a kick at a nearby rock, watching as it arced in the air and clattered to the ground, breaking in two when it landed. *Well if that's not a metaphor, I dunno what is.* Sometimes Dream hated being an English major because his mind was already psychoanalysing everything, finding the symbolism and the morals, and all of the ways he had been losing George in.

Because if George chose Techno, there had to be a reason, a reason that he had no place to even care about. Who was he to tell George to love? George deserved it all, the world and everything else, and no matter how much he took care of him and wanted to stay next to him, it was foolish for him to expect to even be in the running considering that he didn't know how *fucking* much he wanted to be in the running until just now. *Fuck*, this could have been so much easier if he had realized that he was in love with George earlier-

Oh, shit.

He *was* in love with George, wasn't he?

He stopped in his tracks. Even finally putting the frustrating feelings into words sent a wave of something vaguely resembling heartbreak slamming into him. He couldn't remember the last time his heart felt this thoroughly destroyed.

But fuck, if he had realized, could he have had George right now? Could he have been able to appreciate him a bit more, take more and more care of him, see him smile and laugh and look at Dream with just as much love as he looked at George with? Could he have been able to loom over George, pressing him into the bed like Techno did, and hear him whimper? All flushed and beautiful?

Just for him?

Another wave of sorrow and frustration rippled through him as he clambered onto the bus, shooting the coach a steely glare when he said something about him being early for once. The man was stunned into silence as Dream slumped in the very back, hoping that no one would come near him. He closed his eyes, pulling his headphones on and placing his phone on Do Not Disturb and did his best to send off the scary Alpha vibes.

And if he growled deep in his throat when Techno finally got on the bus, his face flushed and slightly sweaty, well then, it was good that no one was near enough to hear.

Dream: *is super attuned to George's scent and emotions, brings George coffee even if it makes him late, likes seeing him wearing his hoodie, packs him lunch, basically takes care of him like an Alpha taking care of his mated Omega*

Dream: haha, we're best friends!

Dream: Wait.

Dream:

Dream: Oh, fuck.

if i had just known myself?

Chapter Notes

No more fluff, it's time for some angst and horny stuff.

Have fun, kids!

Also I meant to post this yesterday (every chapter is already drafted up) and I didn't because I'm packing for school so I am very sorry. But please enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno, as he had hurriedly introduced himself as, removed himself from the room soon after Dream had left, stammering quick apologies and also something about Dream leaving something in the locker room or something. He looked rather worried for George, apologizing for putting him in a rough position and also asking him why he was so warm (apparently, the rough-looking boy was a total sweetheart)

But to be honest, George was only half listening, feeling his limbs return to jello after the quick jolt of clarity that came at the slam of the door. He barely managed to mumble a "I think I'm sick?" to reassure Techno (it did not. Actually, his concerned look got worse). Besides, he was too busy trying to decipher the look on his best friend's face, as well as what was happening to him.

Dream's scent, as brief as it was, had done something to him. Now the discomfort plaguing his body was turning slowly into sparkling heat, as if flickering flames had situated themselves in his gut instead of sore aches. He felt even lonelier than before though, the scent of Dream's hoodie no longer enough even when he curls into it, soft whimpers and pants falling from his open lips. He wanted more.

What the actual fuck was happening to him?

Needy, lonely, and on fire. If he didn't know any better, he would think that he was in heat.

But he couldn't be. He knew that. He had made sure that he couldn't be while at school, made sure to cover all of his bases when he started rooming with Dream. Not that he didn't trust the Alpha, because he did, with his whole heart, but he didn't want to be a bother to him or any others. And he had to make sure that the school couldn't pry them apart, because they tried pretty damn hard.

Besides, if he was in heat, Techno would have jumped his bones right there and then, the heat-scent overwhelming common sense, and George would have *liked it*. At its height, George would have been literally reduced to a desperate bitch in heat, wailing for something, anything (but particularly anyONE) to plug him up and fuck him hard. George would have *begged* Techno to grip his hips with his strong hands and pound him into his bed so hard the headboard would be bashing into the wall.

But even in his hazy state, the thought made him shudder. Techno seemed like a lovely Alpha, big and strong and kind, but George wasn't an idiot. George knew that he wasn't for him.

George knew he had his heart set on someone else, someone he couldn't have.

(So maybe he was an idiot.)

Which brought him to the curious case of his best friend. George had seen out of the corner of his eye the door opening, and Dream's bright, cheerful face quickly morphing into a myriad of others. George liked to think he knew Dream pretty well, having been friends for 4 years and roommates for 3. But he had never seen Dream go through so many emotions so fast.

Excitement, surprise, despair, and then an intense rage. The way he had puffed his chest, squaring his shoulders and setting his jaw, and dropped his chin to hood his eyes and show off his gritted teeth sent a strange thrill through George. It was classic Alpha behavior. He had never seen Dream so angry before, even though he had a secretly short temper. The way his emerald eyes flashed, the way the package in his hands crumpled under his grip.

And then he had left, pulling a betrayed, weak whine from George before the door slammed and he caught himself. Why had he gone? Why didn't he stay with George? Dream was usually so attentive and careful with him, and it sent warm feelings of contentment spiralling through him. So why didn't he stay like he had said he would? Why would he leave George so weak and alone?

"Dream..." He writhed on his bed, all of a sudden wishing desperately that Dream was there with him. Even just being able to smell his steady, woodsy smell would be enough.

He suddenly remembered distantly a time a year ago when he had gotten really sick, and Dream stayed awake caring for him. Everytime he had woken up, sweaty and aching and feeling weak and useless, Dream had been there, rubbing his back and carding his cool fingers through his hair, feeding him soup and helping him puke into the bin. He had whispered into the night encouragement, coos of "You're doing so well, Georgie." and frets of "Are you okay? Can I do something for you?"

He hadn't left his side for more than a few minutes at a time, and that was when George knew that he had it bad. When his fever had broken, he had turned his head to see Dream slumped into a chair next to him, snoring lightly.

So what was so different this time?

He knows, he knows and he hates you.

"No!" George whimpered out loud, eyes tearing up at the thought. The thought of kind Dream hating him was too much all of a sudden, and tears began to run down his pale cheeks.

That's why he left you here, he said he'd come back, but now he knows and he hates you. He fucking hates you, and you're going to be alone forever, he's never going to come back for you.

"No no no." George sniffled, curling up onto his side. Dream wouldn't do that to him, would he? He probably just forgot something or had to go to his game or something. He rubbed pitifully at his eyes, then furrowed his brow in consternation. Oh man, he was getting tears onto Dream's hoodie... he was gonna have to wash it...

Wow, over dramatic much? His rational side mumbled in his ear through his tears. That was a fast mood swing... which is a characteristic of...

No no no. He wasn't in heat, he couldn't be in heat, it was impossible. He wasn't showing any of the symptoms other than the flames licking at his nerves- not the slick nor the erection nor the desperation for something up his ass. So he was safe, right? He was safe. Everything was going to be okay. He clenched his thighs together and hissed.

He just had to wait for Dream to come back home to him.

===

Dream stood in the back corner of the party, arms crossed tightly as he surveyed the room, his angered Alpha pheromones chasing off any potential interruptions of his sulking.

The game had gone off spectacularly, and if he was being honest, a part of it might have been because he had stayed angry the *entire fucking game*. It was a surprise to the other team, who they played rather often, to see the usually easy-going quarterback tensed with no mercy to give at all. His own team seemed rather surprised, but didn't let it phase them too much.

Dream had just enough self-restraint to keep his mind mostly on the game, but his anger continued to spark and simmer in the back of his head. The extra strength showed in the extra two touchdowns they had scored as Dream gave harsh orders to their huddle, tension in every word.

His teammates had cheered and dispersed immediately to enjoy the afterparty, happy even though worn a bit ragged by the aggression that Dream had shown (he'd have to make it up to them later). Unlike them however, Dream couldn't find any relief in their win, his anger and frustration maintaining a constant space in his mind.

What was George doing right now? Was he still sick? And (and this one made him tense harder) would the room smell like him and Techno when he came back? Granted, there were never any concrete rules they set as to bringing people back, mostly because they both were too busy for relationships. Sure, there were hookups and flirtatious dates, but it was always in other places.

Their room was almost sacred, a place for them, a place where Dream wanted to remember George smiling at him and only him, in the bright sunlight of the morning and in the saccharine darkness of the night, his eyes always big and dark, always looking into his. When he stepped inside he was comforted by his powerful vanilla scent, and the fact that it only smelled like them. George and Dream.

But he supposed that he had put too much significance on the fact that George never brought anyone back to their room, or that he rarely really engaged in those things at all. Obviously if it was the right person, he'd do the same as everyone else.

Still, Dream didn't think he could come back to a room that smelled of George's intimacy with someone else. Not when he had just come to term with his own feelings for his best friend, not when he hadn't gotten the chance to mourn a level in their relationship that never even existed in the first place.

Techno had actually approached him in the locker room after the game. He was a big guy, with a deep voice, but it was clear that he felt a bit out of his element when Dream had leveled him with a small glare.

"Look, Dream, I-" He started, and Dream kind of admired his guts, because he knew Techno wasn't dumb and that he could clearly see every warning sign that Dream was letting off. But that was a nicer, clearer-thinking Dream, and so he cut him off before things could get unfairly ugly for the other. He didn't do anything wrong- it wasn't a crime to love George. In fact, he apparently did everything *right*, and Dream hated himself for hating that.

"Techno, I'm begging you to give me some time right now." he said through gritted teeth bared in the facsimile of a smile. "I'm really sorry. But I'm too..." *jealous*. "...stressed right now for a civilized conversation."

Techno had hesitated but eventually backed off, and Dream was pleased, both by his self-control and by the fact that Techno wasn't leaving the conversation with a split lip.

Fuck, George probably kissed those lips. Fuck, George would probably not be very happy with me if I decked his boyfriend in said lips. Fuck, George has a boyfriend.

The thought process, as childish and obvious as it was, made him scowl harder, and the red cup in his hands crumpled, sloshing the cold water inside over his closed fist.

“Woah there, what did that cup ever do to you, handsome?” A silky voice purred, and Dream turned his glare onto the brave boy next to him.

He seemed unfazed, his eyes almost challenging Dream's. He was long and lanky, with dark, scruffy hair and eyes that seemed blacker than ink. Dream inhaled slowly and scented the curl of sweet bubblegum. *Omega.*

He arched an eyebrow. “Wasn't aware that I was advertising my need for company.” He drawled tightly, the sarcasm in his voice thick and scathing.

The boy just snickered. “Maybe not verbally... But standing to the side is such a waste for someone built like you, Alpha.” And he let his eyes drift suggestively across Dream.

This little... “Go look for a quick fuck somewhere else. I'm not looking for one.” Dream tossed his crumpled cup into the trash, preparing to walk away and maybe get a quick breath of air when the boy stepped even closer, right in front of him.

This close, Dream realized that he was a similar size as George. A similar fire, too, with just a little more snark. Similar eyes, similar hair. Maybe it was his broken heart talking, but something compelled him to stop as the smaller boy tilted his head up at him coyly.

From behind, I bet he'd look just like George.

And that was his last coherent thought before he gave a broken sigh and let the unnamed boy press their lips together.

From there, it was all a blaze of muddy fire and empty touches. The boy pressed into Dream, letting his bigger hands press into his back and down to his hip as he snickered into their kiss, looping his arms around his neck. “More desperate than I thought, huh Alpha?”

“Don't talk.” He rumbled back. If he closed his eyes, he could imagine that it was vanilla he was smelling and not bubblegum, George's lithe back he had his hands on and George's little breaths echoing in his ears every time they parted. It honestly didn't take much work to fall into the daydream.

He was pathetic.

The Omega bit at Dream's lips roughly, and Dream groaned before pulling at his hair in warning. The boy snickered again (he was really starting to hate that sound, George never snickered like that) and instead reattached his lips to Dream's neck. He hesitated, then let him go for it, letting his mind drift.

Would George have liked being treated roughly, Dream taking him apart, his hand curled into his hair, fucking him into the bed while painting his creamy skin with bruises and splotches of red and purple like a masterpiece? Or would he have preferred Dream to pamper him and praise him, taking his time opening him up until he was mewling for him? He let out a breathy groan at the

thought, eyes clenched closed. He'd have been open to both options, to any options, as long as it was with-

The boy nipped at the soft flesh, and Dream hissed this time, pulling his head away with slight anger in his eyes. "I'm warning you."

"Mmm, what if that's what I want you to do?" The boy's eyes were large and dilated with lust, and Dream could see George in his place, looking up at him with those eyes, and that was almost too much. He was about to take them somewhere private when he smelled the last person he wanted to see around.

"Dream, we have to talk. Right now." Techno rumbled.

===

Techno considered himself a pretty decent guy.

So why was he so unlucky?

Sure, he was kind of intimidating and could be a little snarky at times, and his competitiveness was something whispered about through campus. But he'd consider himself relatively funny, and smart, and rather brave too.

Which was why he was currently facing down the most intense Alpha aggression he has ever seen come from the one person he was sure hated him and wanted him dead more than anything.

Dream glared hard at him from where he was pinning a stranger to the wall (and if Techno connected the similarities to his Omega roommate, he didn't say anything), seemingly trying to kill him with his eyes alone. "What." He grumbled, and the silent question was obvious. *Are you really challenging me? Right now? In this state?*

Alright, so maybe he wasn't the sharpest pencil in the case. Anyone rational would back off before the blond Alpha attempted actual homicide. But he was still brave. And he had a good cause too.

The whole mess had started hours ago when the coach had flagged him down from where he had been working out to let him know that Dream (who had gotten to practice late for the sixth time in a row and therefore had to sprint ten laps after practice- what was up with that?) had left behind a workout jacket.

Since they were majoring in the same thing, the coach had requested that he return the item, and Techno hadn't known how to tell him that they weren't exactly close.

Dream seemed like a really cool guy and all, kind of the class clown type, really intelligent and a good leader. He just had his own friend group and Techno had his. But sure, he guessed they slapped each other around sometimes and had a good dynamic as teammates, so maybe he could consider Dream a friend?

So he shrugged and agreed, resolving to make his way to his dorm and ask directions to his room after he finished working out. He did, and did, and opened the unlocked door to see the bright green of that hoodie Dream always wore around peeking up from the bed in the corner. That in itself wasn't concerning but the lump was trembling. Was Dream okay?

He had hesitated, not wanting to overstep any boundaries, but ultimately decided that he better check in case Dream was like, dying or something. But surprise surprise, removing the sheets revealed a hazy-eyed Omega that Techno vaguely recognized as the one that Dream kept

practically attached to his side at all times.

And then it was just his luck that Dream walked in right there, took one look at Techno practically on top of the Omega, and noped the fuck out, rage saturating the air. And then Techno couldn't find him to apologize, and had come onto the bus to smell the acrid pine warning all who valued their lives to stay away from the intimidating quarterback in the back.

The game had gone well, to Techno's relief, and they had won by a landslide, in part thanks to Dream taking his aggression out in the sport. He had approached the blond Alpha in the locker room, hoping that he was at least calmed down enough to hear him out, but then Dream had turned to him with a smile that looked more like he was imagining crushing his skull between his molars, so he had taken the hint and backed off.

But Techno didn't just mean to apologize, but also bring up a concern with the boy in Dream's hoodie. The little Omega roommate had been acting exceptionally strange, almost-heat like but in a strangely altered form. As if it had been diluted several times over and it was the calm before the storm. Techno could see it in his flushed cheeks, dilated pupils, the way he whined. And it was in an Alpha's nature to worry about Omegas, even if he had never really met him before.

He was worried, but not fearful, until he received a frantic text message from Sapnap, one of Dream's closest friends and another English major, asking him to *please* tell Dream to check his phone because he wasn't answering and there was something very wrong happening.

When Techno had answered sheepishly that he thought Dream wanted to murder him, Sapnap told him to tell Dream that it was about George, who he assumed was the Omega boyfriend. That had spurred him on to pluck up the courage to approach the fuming Alpha...

...only to find him making out with someone and having to interrupt.

Sometimes he wonders if he did something really shitty in a past life because this was just the cherry on the sundae for the awkward things that had happened today.

Okay, so I guess George isn't his boyfriend, but still someone important, right? I should probably bring him up before Dream actually rips my throat out.

He cleared his throat carefully, "Could we... talk in private?" At the hard glare, he bit back a wince. "Okay. I guess that's a no. Have you... checked your phone lately?"

"Did you really interrupt me so that you can tell me to check my fucking phone?" Dream spat, and Techno could see his fists clench and unclench.

Holding his hands up preemptively as a sign of peace, he hurriedly said, "It's about George."

Contrary to his hopes, Dream only seemed to get angrier when he mentioned the Omega. He was kind of fucking up this whole talking thing, huh. He quickly blurted the rest out, because Dream was actually going to explode. "Sapnap texted me because he couldn't reach you. Something's wrong with him."

That finally made him pause. He supposed that his concern for the Omega was greater than his current hatred for him. He mulled it over, eyes dark and sharp with displeasure, then jerkily gestured to another area with his chin. "Fine. Over there."

"Hey, what about me?" The Omega stranger that was pinned against Dream whined.

"What *about* you." Dream retorted. He didn't spare him a second glance, striding off to the other

corner, and Techno almost winced at the brutal finality in the other Alpha's voice before he followed him. *Damn, that was kind of heartless.*

Dream pulled out his phone and unlocked it, and Techno could see how his eyes widened as he took in what looked like a whole log filled with texts and voicemails from "Sappitus Nappitus".

Sappitus Nappitus: Dream

Some things really wrong w George

I cant reach him and i

I think that some things gone really wrong

I mean

He's not dying but

At least i don think so but

Dream why arent you picking up

Dream

Oh my fucking god

ok so

i rlly need to talk to u

like right fucking now

Please pick up

Dream

"Look." he said awkwardly as Dream scrolled frantically through the texts. "I didn't mean to impose on your boyfriend or whatever he is." Dream looked up at that, eyes widened. "I just dropped by to return something you forgot at the field, and I thought he was you, because... you know, the hoodie."

Dream blinked, then blushed hard at that, his face softening into his usual casual grin, bright and filled with soft pleasure. It was the friendliest look he had seen all day, and as he looked at the pleased tinge on the other alpha's face, Techno finally figured it out. Why Dream had been so pissed off at him for the whole day.

He was *definitely* not the sharpest pencil in the case, because the truth in his face just kind of finally clicked into place: Dream was madly, desperately in love with George, but they weren't together yet.

Emphasis on the yet because when Dream finally realized that George loved him back, they'd probably be the sappiest couple on campus. Techno very clearly remembered the heartbroken whimper that left George's mouth when Dream left. There was no way that was a friendly whimper.

"I tried to wake you up and- well, it very obviously wasn't you- and then you walked in." He

shoved his hands in his pockets. "And I couldn't find you to explain, even though I was running around campus."

"I- I thought- you and him- and I- I didn't know how to feel." Dream admitted in a quick rush of breath, ears scarlet. He looked really embarrassed about how he had been acting, his stance immediately falling from aggression to relief and understanding, shoulders sagging down.

Techno laughed gently, finally feeling like he was allowed to breathe, the sharp stinging pine scent of Dream's anger piercing through the party haze like a knife held at his back finally ebbing away. "I actually didn't know his name until Sapnap texted me to reach you." Then he remembered what was going on, frowning again. "Something's really off with him. Like really off. Have you noticed anything weird about his heats or anything like that?"

"His..." Dream blinked and blushed hard. "Uh, no."

"Has he had one recently?"

"N-no."

"When was his last one?"

At that, Dream bit his lip concernedly as realization dawned in his eyes. "I- I don't know. I've never..."

Techno blinked fast at the panicked blond with an equally horrified look. He hazily wondered if he'd be justified in grabbing him by the shoulders and shaking him hard. "So- So you have had an Omega roommate, for what. Three? Three years?" He said slowly. "And you've never seen him go through heat?"

Dream paled, and it was such a contrast to the scarlet color he had been that he almost wanted to laugh. "Fuck."

"Fuck is right!" Techno almost spat, eyes going wide.

"Call Sapnap. Right fucking now. I- my cousin's Omega. They go through heat at least two or three times a year, and if they continuously miss it it's really bad for them. It fucks up their hormones really badly. And heats are unschedulable so there's no way he'd be able to angle them towards breaks for three whole fucking years." Techno could feel the worry rise in him. He had good instincts for an Alpha, and he'd been able to easily see that something was super wrong with George. How had Dream not noticed?

"And we usually spend breaks together anyways so..." Dream mumbled, shell-shocked, as he seemed to come to the same realization.

"I'm- I'm going to call you an Uber. You need to get back now and figure out what the fuck's going on with your boyfriend." Techno commanded, already ordering the taxi. Thank goodness, he sighed, it was only a few minutes away.

Usually Dream would contest being ordered by another Alpha, but this was a crucial time. Dream nodded fast, face tight, and Techno recognized it as his game face, the one he used when they were down by two and they didn't have many chances left. He also noticed that he didn't deny that George was his boyfriend.

Simp . He thought almost hysterically before he led the way through the party.

As they pushed their way through the crowd to reach the doors, Dream looked at him a little awkwardly. “Techno, I'm really sorry for being so awful to you.” he said, eyes big and remorseful. “I was being a- a real asshole. An absolute jerk. I should have- have paid more attention and-”

The car pulled up, and Techno yanked the door open for Dream, laughing dryly. “Heck yeah you should’ve. Now go save your prince in distress, and buy me a pizza later.”

===

On the ride home, Dream called Sapnap, who answered with a frantic note in his usually cheery voice. “Oh my fucking GOD Dream, it’s about time. I am actually going to murder you when I see you again.”

“What happened to George? Is he okay?” Dream didn't contest the murder proclamation, he knew he deserved it in full. While he was off being emo and horny with a stranger, his best friend was suffering. His best friend had *been* suffering for years now and he had never noticed. What was wrong with him? Who the hell didn't notice the fact that their Omega roommate hasn't had a heat in the 4 years they've known them?

“Dream, stop thinking bullshit!” Sapnap cursed, snapping him out of his mind. Thank god for Sapnap- he was someone else who he owed a huge pizza or two. “I’m going to tell you what I think is up with George. But you have to shut up and stay calm ok?”

“Why haven't you checked up on him? Are you there with him?” Dream couldn't help the accusatory tone in his voice, though he knew that if Sapnap could help George he'd be doing it. Sapnap made an irritated noise in the back of his throat.

“No, Dream, because I can't, for reasons that I will tell you if you shut your mouth!” And Dream did so. This was not time to poke fun at the stress in Sapnap's voice or the way his voice cracked at the end.

There was an aggravated sigh, and then Sapnap started to speak quickly. “Okay. So. You have to have noticed by now that George, like, doesn't fucking have heats. At all. Ever. For about three years and counting.”

Dream felt the guilt roll in his stomach as he grunted. “Techno actually had to tell me about it, god what kind of fucking idiot am I-”

“Not the time! I'll be willing to wax poetic about your moronic tendencies some other day, but not when George is also facing the consequences of his moronic choices!”

Dream's blood ran cold. “What?”

“When you guys first started to room together, I asked him what he was going to do about heats. You know how our school gets about them- doesn't touch them with a 50-foot pole. But he kind of just brushed it off. Changed the subject really fast after assuring me he did have a plan.” Sapnap gave a guilty huff.

“A whole year passed, and George hadn't been in heat once. So I basically cornered him while you were away at a game and forced him to tell me what the fuck he was doing to himself.” Sapnap sighed. “Dream, he has a whole bottle of heat-suppression pills in his bedside drawer. A really crazy prescription too- like so strong I wasn't aware that you could legally get them prescribed. Fuck, I'm not even sure if they're legal!”

Dream almost jumped up before remembering he was in an Uber and the driver was eyeing him

kind of nervously. “ *What?* Sapnap, why didn't you tell me?”

“I was going to! And I should have!” Sapnap roared through the phone. “But he begged me not to, told me he’d fucking leave before he- he ‘inconvenienced Dream in such a way’.” he faked a horrible British accent and Dream would have laughed at any other time, at any other sentence. But he just felt despair.

“He would never- I would never feel inconvenienced by-”

“I know, but he also had other pretty valid reasons. Apparently the school was trying to pressure him into getting a single room because they, well, you know. All of that legal stuff. Remember the mountains of disclaimers they forced you to sign before they agreed? They had George sign more. And he agreed to some pretty annoying things- including a prescription of heat suppression pills. I bet the school arranged for him to-”

“Fuck, just because we’re rooming together?” Dream’s knees went weak, and he pressed a trembling hand to his forehead. “I- I didn't even think about-”

“We can talk about the intricacies of Alphan privilege later. But fuck, I'm sorry. I should have told you right away. But he made me promise not to tell, and... well.” he could hear regret, thick and hot, lacing Sapnap’s voice before he seemingly shook it off for the time being. *Thank god Sapnap’s a pro at crisis management.*

“...But right now, what I'm thinking is that George is either going through a sick spell from pushing back his heat so much or...” Then he paused. “Well, he might be going through an intense heat right now. His body might’ve rebelled against the medication. It wouldn't be very pretty.”

“What?” Dream swallowed as his mind ventured into forbidden territory and conjured up an image of George in heat, whimpering and flushed and hot, eyes hazy and body desperate to be- Then he batted it away. “What are we going to do if-”

“Let’s hope that’s not it.” His best friend’s voice was grim. “But do you see what I'm saying right now? He could be super sick right now, with no one to take care of him- and that’s if we’re lucky. Or he could be in heat and attract a number of horny Alphas and Betas while he’s vulnerable- and I bet your door’s unlocked too.”

“It is.” Dream growled at the thought. The idea of unnamed Alphas and Betas taking advantage of George while he was vulnerable made him want to tear their throats off, the rage even worse than the way he boiled when he saw Techno and George. At least then he thought George had been consenting, or able to give consent clearly.

“Hopefully your room is out of the way enough to deter anyone. But you have to get back, Dream, he trusts you, and you’ve taken care of him before, so if it’s the first option he’d probably be more receptive to you. Besides, I know you have a thing about taking care of him, Alpha instincts or whatever.” Sapnap made another regretful noise. “I’d go... but if it turns out to be the second option and I... I wouldn't be able to live with myself.”

“Sapnap, what if it *is* and I-” Dream choked.

“Look, we’ll cross that bridge when we get to it. But *you* , at the very least, have to get back. How far are you?”

Just then, the car arrived on campus. “I’m here. I’m going to hang up, okay? I’m gonna make a run for it back.”

“Okay. Be careful.” At the sound of Sapnap’s bleak tone, like a sergeant commanding a battalion, Dream had the strangest urge to laugh. What was this, war? It was just George.

George, his best friend, who he had just figured out meant way more to him than he had ever thought.

George, who might be sick or being-

That wiped the hysteria away, and he began sprinting back. *Please, George, be okay. We have a lot of things that we need to talk about.*

===

George couldn't remember his own name. All he could think about was the all-consuming heat as it licked at his stomach and his limbs, and deep, deep inside, resonating in him. He groaned and shuddered into his pillow as it curled inside him, grasping at the blankets that rubbed at his exposed skin futilely, the cloth simultaneously too hot and not hot enough. Tears streamed down his cheeks, but he didn't even try to wipe them off.

Wow, somethings really wrong with me. Something's really, really fucking wrong. A keening whine bubbled from his throat, but he was too far gone to even panic about that.

Not even the green cloth around him was enough, it hadn't been enough for hours. It didn't even smell much anymore, the pine scent being overwhelmed by his own vanilla scent as he sweat and cried into it. Still, he pressed it to his chest desperately, trying to clear his thoughts and failing.

He needed, he needed, he needed. He needed so badly, he needed so desperately.

What did he need?

He didn't know. He didn't know anything anymore.

Was he actually going into heat? No, no, no. He couldn't be. He consistently took suppressors, ones so strong that they were barely even legal. So there was no way he was in heat, no way his body would give out on him and threaten to ruin everything, everything that he'd been trying to preserve in these three years-

Dream.

Hazily George simultaneously thanked and cursed the fact that Dream was away at his game right now. Because even though he desperately wished his friend was here with him, taking care of him, cooing into his ear and placating the fire with his soothing presence, he hated the idea of Dream seeing him like this, weak and wanting as he curled and shivered like a pathetic lump.

And besides, if he was actually going into heat, that would mean- Dream would have to-

No no no. no no no no no. He didn't want to force Dream into that situation. He would never let Dream be forced into that situation. He had known what he was getting into when he had asked to be his roommate, he had signed the papers and been made aware of the risks.

But it was worth it, even if George could never have him. Just being with Dream was enough, just being able to laugh and joke and exist with Dream was more than enough for him.

Even if your body's crying out for him to pound into you?

The naughty thought made him keen but then recoil in horror at what he was being reduced to. Tears continued to spill over his closed eyelids as he sobbed at the unfairness of it all. He had been so, so careful, he had tried so hard to cover all of his bases. Was his body actually giving up on him right then and there?. Was he actually going into heat? The foreign sensation attacking him purred, and George whined in refusal, wet eyes clamped closed as he desperately reached down.

Oh, fuck, was he hard?

He hadn't even noticed his erection, too focused on the damning sensation of heat and loneliness that his second gender was forcing him into. Shit, that was another box checked.

But! But he wasn't producing slick yet. So no, he wasn't in heat, he wasn't in heat. This was just a spell. It would go away before Dream was due back and he'd be fine.

"George!"

Then the door slammed open for the second time today, and George gasped.

Fuck.

Dream bounded over to his bed frantically and pressed his hands into George's head to angle it upwards, and George let out a loose sob as the Alpha's scent curled around him.

"George, thank god you're - well, not okay, but-"

No, I'm not okay. Nothing is okay. Why are you back, go away, please don't look at me, please you can't see me like this, so weak and pathetic and horny. But the other part of him reveled in the feeling of the calloused fingers pressing into his overheated skin. *Yes! Alpha! Thank god you're back, please-*

"George, oh my god. Are you crying? Oh my god, don't cry, don't cry. I'm here, I'm here with you." The worry in his voice made George weak.

His large thumbs swiped at George's cheeks worriedly, trying to brush away the tears, but George just cried harder. *"Please-" Please what? Come closer? Go away?* Almost unwillingly, he took a shuddering breath, eyes flickering open to look at the Alpha looming over him, hating the way his skin burned at the scent that usually calmed him down faster than anything else-

Wait.

Then everything went wrong at once, and their eyes widened in tandem.

George's dark gaze, dilated and sensitive, flashed from Dream's lips, which were kiss-swollen and darker than usual, to the obvious hickey at the base of his neck like a brand, dangerously close to the scent and mating glands. To make things worse, the shaky inhale had not only revealed the familiar scent of woody evergreen, but another scent. Bubblegum- an Omega he didn't recognize.

Did he- With some other Omega-

He bit back a betrayed yowl as he tensed his body hard, the fire spitting at him and his thoughts spitting back. *He doesn't want you, he never wanted you, so please, please don't fuck this up-*

But something in George's body had shifted when he met Dream's hooded green eyes, like gasoline being thrown onto the fire stoked deep inside of him, like the gates were being opened. He gasped as something tensed suddenly unclenched, then looked down in horror as he felt something

gush from him. The scent of syrupy vanilla, thick and undiluted, clouded the air and he squeezed his thighs together with a moan. At the sound, Dream staggered back with a choke, his hand flying to cover his nose. “Ah-”

George whimpered, eyes wide as he watched Dream’s face pale, the marks of the other Omega obvious against his skin.

Then Dream, *Alpha* , turned and ran out, shutting the door behind him and leaving George alone.

Chapter End Notes

Techno in the middle of the chapter as Dream contemplates homicide: *chuckles* I'm in danger!

Techno in the end of the chapter after Dream's revealed to be a himbo: You fucking donkey.

Techno can have a little braincell, as a treat.

Also, this is a series and there will be at least two prequels explaining how George and Dream met and became (oh my god they were) roommates. No smut, just fluff and idiots in love, but check them out when I post them!

of course, dear heart

Chapter Notes

More angst! More!!!

I promise this is the last bit though. I have a good reason for stretching it out, I promise!

Also, I love comments and will almost always respond (even if it takes me awhile) (though after a fic is finished for a while I might ignore it in exchange for other works)! So don't be afraid to tell me what's up :)

Last chapter's comments made me die laughing by the way- seems like a lot of you guys are suffering from the obscene amounts of miscommunication I've worked into this fic. Sorry not sorry :)

Edit: I was just made aware of an issue with drafting, so I had to repost the chapter. Sorry for the inconvenience, especially to those who already commented!

Edit 2: Apparently when I reuploaded it it got cut off. Sorry again, folks, it should be better now. Thank you to those who commented and alerted me!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

NO! This time the guttural internal scream was from all of George. He stared down at his hands, horrified as the heat spat and writhed inside him. The slick seemed to mock him as it stained his bed, a heavy confirmation that he had ruined everything. That Dream had actually seen him enter heat, and had run away, far far away where George couldn't smell him or see him or hear him laugh.

Did Dream hate the idea of being with him that much? He wondered hazily. He denied him even when he went into heat.

OH, HE FUCKING HATES YOU! The fire roared, the slick gushing out in response and making him moan. *He left you, weak and vulnerable, when you needed him most!*

It's not his fault! He argued back, new bursts of tears dripping from his face as he stumbled out of his bed, getting his legs tangled in the blankets. *I'm not entitled to Dream's help or love or whatever, especially since-*

The image of the love bite on his neck flashed behind his eyelids and made him mewl mournfully.

I was waiting for Dream all this time but now that I know he doesn't want me, I have to hide . The thought was unwelcome and made him grieve as he fumbled with his clumsy, heated body. He knocked into his bedside table as the betrayal arcing through his body forced him to move in a primitive fashion.

Where am I going? Somewhere safe. Somewhere where I can mend. Will I mend? Should I mend, when I know that Dream will never look at me in the way I want? When I know that someday he'll look at someone else in the way I want him to look at me with?

He whimpered at the thought of seeing Dream with another person. Maybe the Omega who had marked him so crudely. He gave an angry huff as he imagined Dream smelling like anything other than pine and vanilla, a mating mark stamped on his neck as if warning George to back off.

Would he even stay with George if he found someone better? Or would they drift apart, would George never be able to see that bright smile again?

Should I mend if Dream might never even look at me again?

Yes, you absolute fucking buffoon, you are a human outside of Dream. No matter if he stays with you or not, you are George and you deserve to be whole. But right now, you need to hide. His rational, human self barked at him. Hide where no one you don't want can find you, hide before the heat gets worse and you start to lose your mind even more.

He hadn't had a heat in three years, and it was hitting faster than ever before. The unbearable emptiness stung and bruised his soul, but even though he now knew that it was because he wanted to be filled and bred (even the thought of it made him shiver and keen) he resisted the urge to reach back and fuck himself on his fingers.

But he was getting even more sensitive, and fast. He stifled another moan as he clenched his thighs together, pleasure flickering up his spine at the movement. How the hell was he going to hide when his scent was so potent that-

Then his gaze fell upon his bedside drawer again.

Inside was an assortment of pill bottles that he'd always assured Dream were just Omega supplements and vitamins. That description wasn't wrong, per se, but there was definitely more than just that. George hurriedly opened it and fished out the bottle of super-strength scent suppressors that he had picked up what seemed like a million years ago.

How many do I have to take? Oh I don't know, I don't know- as many as possible. And he practically ripped open the bottle, spilling the pills all over the floor. Fuck, this is why most Omegas have a heat date, so that they can help them think-

He swallowed the capsules hurriedly, thanking the gods that they were fast-acting. He then gathered up his blankets and searched for somewhere to hide desperately.

No no no... He had purposefully gotten rid of most of the appropriate hiding places in their room to discourage heats, and now he was regretting that move immensely. He opened the window briefly, considering jumping down from the second story window. Even through his heat addled haze, though, it was clear that that was a horrible idea- outside was where the Alphas and Betas were.

But they could probably take care of you. Fill you like you need. The heat purred temptingly, and even more tears dripped down George's cheeks as he battled with his biology.

No they couldn't, not in the way I want. Not in the way that Dream could. Fuck, I really did ruin everything, didn't I? He laughed bitterly as the thought made him desperate for the pine scent of his best friend, and he turned to regard the last place he could.

Just once. Just one last time before I lose it forever.

===

Dream had run far away, passing a couple of buildings before he allowed his legs to relax. He pulled his phone hurriedly out of his pocket, pressing on Sapnap's contact with a single minded

panic.

He had smelled George's tears by the time he was right outside the door, the salty tinge to the overpowering vanilla scent sending his nerves into haywire. He was crying, why was he crying? His mind ran through the worst scenarios as he slammed the door open, heart in his throat. "George!"

The whole room smelled like a bakery, the creamy sweet scent emanating from the bed in the corner, which was shaking slightly. His friend was almost swallowed by the blankets, writhing desperately as tears streamed down his thin, pretty face, eyes shut tight and his cheeks flushed pink.

When he smelled the air, he was relieved to find that he couldn't smell the distinctive, thick scent of slick anywhere. He wasn't in heat, he was just in a kind of heat-daze. *Thank god. I can take care of him. I can stay with him without ruining everything.*

With that, Dream couldn't help the way his feet propelled him to George's side, pressing his fingers to George's hot skin to offer some semblance of comfort considering he was still keeping his eyes shut tightly. He ran through the proper gratitudes and soothing, his nimble tongue strangely heavy with relief.

But George wouldn't stop crying, no matter how much he wiped away the tears and cooed to him. The salt continued to stain the air, and Dream felt his heart break at the obvious display of discomfort the Omega was displaying to him as he continued to pet George's face. George was emotional, but he had never seen him cry this much, never seen him wail like his world was collapsing around him. "George, oh my god. Are you crying? Oh my god, don't cry, don't cry. I'm here, I'm here with you."

"Please-" George suddenly moaned, and the sound made Dream freeze in place as George finally opened his eyes and turned his dark, dilated pupils onto him, gaze heavy like molasses. He watched, breathless, as he finally realized how close they were, how pretty George looked under him. How overwhelmingly *good* he smelled.

Then George's face paled, gaze dropping, and the scent of thick, sweet vanilla syrup filled the air. He let out a little moan and tensed.

No way- slick?

Dream immediately stumbled back, choking as indecent thoughts rushed into his head, a spark of interest instantly running up his spine in response to the Omega's heat. And not just any Omega, *George's* heat. George with his mussed up hair and strawberry red lips, George with his snarky attitude and his willingness to add on to Dream's bullshit day after day after day.

Heat. He's in heat. He smells so good, like he wants to be bred. You could breed him. You could pin him down and loom over him like you want, you could listen to him whimper with pleasure in your arms, you could make him feel so good- Dream paled as he shook himself out of the horny whispers. No. No, he couldn't do that to George.

Faintly he recognized that this was probably what George was afraid of, the reason why he had continuously battered his body taking those high-dosage heat suppression pills. He had to get away before he pushed the Omega down and took advantage of him in all of the ways running through his head, before he pinned him underneath his heavier bulk and took what he so desperately wanted.

Fuck.

So he turned on his heel and forced his body to run away and catch his breath before he could make a stupid decision. Even when all he wanted was to get impossibly closer. To get so close he was inside him.

Not helping, horny thoughts! You need to calm down, George needs your help.

Sapnap picked up on the third ring, seemingly equally anxious. "Is he okay?"

"I- Sapnap, he was-" Dream caught his breath, face still burning. He held on tightly to a street sign so his body couldn't drag him back to their room, back next to George. "Oh my god, he was kind of sick-looking, like as if he was in heat but he wasn't producing slick or anything like that so I went in- he seemed just sick until- until I- he was crying so I touched him and-" He coughed, and then swallowed hard. "He went into heat while I was in the room."

"What? He went into heat *because* of you?" Sapnap's incredulous voice made him flush hard. The thought of him triggering George's heat made him hot all over. He hissed.

"Don't say it like that! I think I just set it off because I touched him."

"Yeah, okay." Sapnap snapped. "But anyways, is he okay? Where are you?"

"I had to leave." Dream exhaled slowly, cheeks still burning. "I- If I didn't- I would have-" He crumpled, grabbing his head as he sat down on a bench. "Oh, fuck." The reality of the situation had just phased in. His best friend, who he was desperately in love with, was going into an especially intense heat and he had really almost taken advantage of that. Fuck, he was a scumbag. The worst. The thought of him doing *that* to a dazed and weak George made him want to throw up, want to rip himself apart, want to-

"Dream. Dream!" Sapnap yelled, bringing him out of his self-deprecation. "It's not over yet. Listen..." And he paused a little awkwardly before continuing. "I think you should go back."

"What!" Dream gripped the metal harder, so hard the edges dug into his skin, frustrated tears beginning to pool in his eyes. "Sapnap! Did you not hear me just now? I just-"

"Omegas are super vulnerable when they go into heat, Dream. George is only going to have it worse because he hasn't had a heat in 3 years, and also probably doesn't have a heat date. If he's not careful, and most Omegas aren't because heat drives them wild, he's going to get hurt." Sapnap said logically, and Dream almost despised it.

"Sapnap-" A desperate feeling rose in Dream's chest, like he had swallowed coke and mentos and was going to explode in a flurry of bubbles. "If I go back- I can't. I can't hurt him. I can't do that to him."

Sapnap seemed to ignore it, pummeling on and talking over him. "Not only that, but Omegas don't care for themselves enough when they go into heat. They have to have others remind them to eat and drink, just like you usually do for George."

"Sapnap-"

"Heats can last for almost three days if they're not taken care of fast, and that window makes them really vulnerable to heat-sickness-"

"Sapnap!" Dream practically roared into the microphone. "Please! I'll hurt him if I go back, I'll-

I'll do what everyone *thought* I 'd do when we first started rooming together, and I can't, I can't do that, he'll hate me forever and I'll lose him! I'll ruin everything if I haven't ruined everything *already*, and I can't, I just *can't* do that, do you fucking hear me?"

"Yes, Dream, I fucking hear you! I've been hearing both you and George for 4 years now! Maybe even more than you've been hearing yourself!" The way Sapnap's voice immediately rolled into an angry growl stopped Dream in his tracks, never having heard the Beta so upset. "I've been sitting aside and listening to you because *you two FUCKING idiots* can't hear what your *own fucking hearts* are telling you and it was almost funny before but it's not anymore!" He sounded almost hurt, and Dream swallowed.

There was a small pause, and then Sapnap sighed tiredly. Dream thought he could practically hear him sit back in his chair and give the wall the same dry look he gave Dream any time he talked about George.

"Look. You're in love with George."

Dream's cheeks colored further. "How did you-"

"I'm not *stupid*, Dream. Just because you've been denying it doesn't mean others can't see it. Everyone sees it. The chemistry between you guys, the way you always fuss and fret over him, the way you look so happy when you get him to say he loves you or how content you smell when you smell like *him* ." Sapnap's voice got softer as Dream's mouth dropped open. "Hell, just this morning you were picking up coffee and packing up pasta for him because he was 'feeling a little sick' and I can bet my computer that the reason you were so happy during lunch was because of him."

"I... I don't..." Dream's voice sounded weak even to him, and he dropped his head with a sigh. "Was it..." really that transparent? Did everyone see it but him? "I thought it was just because I was an..."

"Not all Alphas have an insatiable urge to constantly be near an Omega. And you don't act that way around any other Omegas anyways. Just one. You're in love with George, you *have* been in love with George for ages now. And it's *okay* if you don't know how it happened." Sapnap said reassuringly. "Sometimes things like this just happen. You can't help the way you feel, just like how George can't help being an Omega and going into heats."

He paused and gave a little snort. "In fact, this whole mess could be chalked up to the fact that both of you were being idiots and repressing parts of yourself instead of *talking to each other* like any other pair of *functioning human beings* . I am going to rib George so much after he gets better."

Dream often didn't remember the fact that Sapnap was the youngest member of their little group, just because usually they were all pretty equally chaotic. But Sapnap was also probably the wisest of them all, or at least had the ability to step back and see the picture better than them, and Dream trusted him with his life. So if Sapnap said it was true, it probably was.

Dream stayed silent for a second as he digested the information. He didn't think about his feelings much, and it was making him ache. A stone settled in his throat as he rubbed at his eyes. "...He's going to *hate* me, Sapnap." He said hoarsely.

Sapnap snorted again, but it was a lot softer this time, as if he was sharing an inside joke with a third-party. "I don't think that George could ever hate you, Dream."

That phrase hung in the air for a bit as Dream stared at his shoes. He heard shuffling and another

sigh.

"I'm not trying to get you to confess or anything, Dream. That's your business. But George needs you right now, and if you really love him- and you do, I know you do- you'll go back and help him through this." Sapnap sounded like he was trying extra hard to be gentle. "You don't have to do anything that you don't want. But you should at least bring him some food and water, and some medication. He'll like it most if it's coming from you."

"Because I'm an Alpha?" He snorted acridly, but Sapnap was firm with his next words.

"No, because you're his best friend, Dream."

Dream felt like crying. He almost wished he was back to being mad about Techno being able to provide for George when he couldn't, because at least that didn't have the possibility of an outcome in which George was going to hate him so much he'd never talk to him again, a future where he betrayed him both ways. "...I'm going to hurt him."

"Jesus Christ, Dream. You're not going to hurt him. You have the greatest self-control of anyone I've ever known, especially considering you just walked away from your crush in *heat*. All weak and wanting and all that crap. If you were anyone else I bet you'd have jumped him right there. And George isn't a china doll." Sapnap said gently. "You're going to help him, and then you guys can figure out all of the rest on your own time. I promise you George isn't going to want you out of his life, Dream."

He paused, then mumbled something lowly so that Dream couldn't hear. "...In fact, he'll probably want you even more. God why are my best friends such idiots."

"What was that?"

Sapnap cleared his throat, and Dream could practically hear him roll his eyes. "Nothing, dweeb. I'm just saying that George will still want to be with you. You're going to be fine."

"...Thanks, Sapnap. You're the best."

There was a crackle of a short laugh on the other end. "Hell yeah I am. Now go get Georgie and help him through this mess, okay?"

"Okay." Dream hung up, resolving to do just that. His stomach was still rolling with nerves, and his heart continued battling itself, but Sapnap was right. George needed his help to get through this. So he could do it. Right?

Walking back to the dorm, he pulled some snacks and a few water bottles from the kitchen, as well as some heat medication. Bracing himself as he approached the door, he hesitated. This was his last chance to back out.

But the thought of George sick without him made him close his head and sigh.

He knocked softly on the door. When there was no answer, he cautiously opened the door and walked in. "George, I'm sorry, I wasn't expecting-" Then he paused, eyes widening and the items dropping onto the floor.

George was gone.

What the...

The bed was empty, though Dream could smell the slick pooling on the sheets, the sweet vanilla making his head feel light. But the scent was stale, not having been replaced in a while..

“George?”

Walking in further revealed a bottle tipped on its side, the label clearly reading “Extra-Heavy Fast Acting Scent Suppression for Omegas”. The contents were spilled out across the floor, the colorful gel capsules making Dream’s eyes grow large with realization.

Alarmed, Dream raised his head and took a deep inhale, panic spiking as he realized the most recent coat of vanilla was from over 30 minutes ago and there was nothing else. The fear got worse as he realized the window was opened, and that George could have very well jumped out of the window, and left.

“George!” Dream yelled, head whipping side to side as he took more heavy inhales. Usually, he was so attuned to George’s scent that he could easily pick him out in a crowd. It came in handy finding him in the crowded Dining Halls and knowing when he was up and about when he should have been sleeping. But now, he could only smell the echoes of his lingering heat, as if mocking Dream for fucking everything up.

Why did he leave?

Dream bolted out of the room, inhaling deeply for any scent of his friend. There was none in the hallway anywhere, so he scrambled down the stairs and almost ran into a group of juniors chilling in the common room (one of them was eating the alfredo he had slammed down earlier and he would have laughed if he wasn't so frantic. Absolutely no food was sacred in a dorm).

He couldn't imagine how he looked just then, wide-eyed and intense and terrified, his hair falling into his eyes and smelling faintly of vanilla. He questioned them anyways, practically yelling. “Have you- Have you seen George?”

“Who the fuck is-?” one of them, the one scarfing down cold alfredo, started, seeming a little frightened by the tall senior. He was blond with blue eyes and Dream distantly recognized him as Tommy, the brat who constantly was badgering Techno before, after, and even during practices.

“Isn't that the Omega you’re dating, Mr. Dream?” Another one, Tubbo, if Dream remembered correctly, asked innocently, with wide child-like eyes, and Dream almost exploded.

After a bit more yelling he finally realized that they weren't much help since they had just settled down, so Dream ran outside to the ground below of George’s window, where he would have landed if he jumped. He definitely could’ve made the jump (in fact, they had jumped from the window several times when late for classes and when no faculty could see them). But sniffing around the area revealed nothing.

It was so overwhelmingly strange to not be able to smell the Omega. Dream had almost taken it for granted, like a fact of the universe, that he would be smelling the pleasing vanilla scent for the rest of his days, that he would always know that George was by his side and happy and safe. Not being able to smell the familiar pheromones was like losing a little piece of himself, like George had become a part of himself without him even noticing.

The panic slammed away at his heart as for the first time in hours, his whole being focused in on one thing instead of fighting each other. There was only one thing he needed to do at the moment, and that was to find George.

Fuck, George! He pleaded internally as he began to jog around the perimeter of their dorm, fanning out to cover the surrounding area as well. *I'm sorry! I'm sorry I left you, I'm sorry I didn't realize that I've been in love with you for fucking forever, I'm sorry that I'm so useless while you suffer! Please, please be safe, please be okay-*

An image of George alone and helpless crossed Dream's mind and he bit back a desperate, angry whine. What kind of Alpha was he, he couldn't even take care of his pack mate, his best friend, his Omega? What use was he if he couldn't help George because he was too wrapped up in his own bullshit.

He thought he would always be there to take care of George. To make sure that he was okay and safe and happy, to make sure that he was smiling and soft just the way he deserved to be. No matter what happened, it would be Dream and George, making chaos and playing around, and patching each other up when it was all over. No matter what happened George would smell like comfort and vanilla, and be there to smile softly at Dream in the comfort of their safe haven. No matter what happened, at the end of the day George would be fine because Dream would *make it* fine for his best friend.

But now George was gone and Dream was finding it hard to breathe, faced with the terrifying reality that the Omega's safety wasn't a constant, it was variable. He had slacked and now his Omega was gone, the smile from his face was gone, and he might never be okay again.

God, George, please come out of this safe. Dream came to a shuddering halt and doubled over, feeling tears prick at his eyes. *I'll do anything to make you better, I'll give you anything and everything so that you feel better, I'll give you myself and you can do what you want with me, as long as I know that you're safe and sound, you can throw me away. As long as I know you're happy, I don't care what happens to me.*

It was a sobering realization, realizing George's happiness and safety mattered more than anything else at the moment, even their friendship. Dream often regarded his friendship with George and Sapnap to be the best thing that had ever happened to him, but he now saw that he would push aside any possibilities of a future with George if it meant that George's future featured him healthy and happy and safe.

God, when did I become such a simp? He thought dryly, heart aching at the thought of George not being in his life anymore, but aching more at the other possibilities if he didn't help him. If fucking him now meant that he'd be fine later, he'd take that no matter if George chose to view him as a monster.

God, what an absurd fucking thought-

Think, Dream! This isn't the time for bullshit! You have to find him first before he gets hurt. He took a couple deep breaths as he pressed his fingers to the bridge of his nose to quell the pounding in his head. *Think critically.*

His mind switched into game mode, as if he was figuring out a particularly interesting puzzle or trying to figure out how to win a game. it was a particular talent of his that came into handy frequently, like in a football game or when he was working his way through a test. He had never expected to use it in this sort of case though.

This entire situation is fucking crazy, idiot! Now think or something bad might actually happen.

He had only been gone for 30 minutes (30 minutes too long, his still-panicking mind supplied spitefully, and he winced), and there was no way in hell that the pills could have worked before at

least 10. They may have been heavy-duty but they weren't magic.

10 minutes wasn't even enough for him to get out of the front door weaving through the hallways and down the stairs, and even within that time, he would have definitely gotten jumped by another Alpha or Beta in their dorm, like the juniors in the common space, as they smelled the Omega heat pheromones.

10 minutes also wasn't enough time for him to fully get out of the smell radius if he jumped out of their window, especially since he was weak and in heat. Dream would have been just barely able to get a whiff of his scent before it disappeared completely.

And the most useful piece of evidence were his blankets. He had taken them with him, and they were absolutely soaked in his scent. The scent suppression pills wouldn't have been able to cover the scent of the heat on the blankets, and there were no scent trails leading out of their room at all.

This meant that George had to be in their room still!

He sprinted inside their dorm and dashed up the stairs (in the common area, he passed the same group of juniors still hanging out. They all shared quizzical looks at the usually chill senior so frantic before shrugging it off as “Just Dream things”), flinging open their door and slamming it shut (poor thing was going to break if this kept up) and locking it.

It made sense too- Omegas often hid when in heat and without a heat date in case unwanted mates would attempt to breed them. But where was George hiding? He'd have been able to have smelled the blankets at the very least, so how was he...

By covering it with the only other scent in this room now, idiot. A voice that sounded almost like Sapnap hissed in the back of his head.

His gaze flickered over his furniture, knocking them off one by one. Couldn't be under the bed because George hated dusty spaces, couldn't be under the desk because it afforded no effective defense.

Which only left one place he could be hiding.

Chapter End Notes

Sapnap is a complete bro and he deserves everything.

I stretched this out a little further because I really wanted Dream to acknowledge his feelings and how much he cared for George's well-being before they did the do instead of him repressing his introspection like he's been doing for years. He's made his peace with having sex with a heat-dazed George and the possible futures with or without him because he acknowledges that leaving George has more possibilities of George getting hurt. So we have a clean slate without much guilt in place for the smut!

but nevermind that

Chapter Notes

Huh. Smut. Nothing but sin here, folks.

I decided to post this one a little ahead of schedule as compensation for torturing you all with all the pining and miscommunication in the previous chapters :)

I just realized I never put Praise Kink in the tags but there's... a lot of it because I'm a sucker for sex where one or several partners constantly reaffirm their love for another.

Also, a quick note: Even though he is not completely rational at this point as he reaches the peak of his heat, I did my best to affirm and reaffirm the fact that George is consenting to these actions. It's hard to judge considering that a part of heats is the amplification of sexual desire past reasonable cognitive function.

So I'm taking the time here to confirm that George is consenting even outside of his heat, because if you somehow missed it he's been in love with Dream for years. Consent is important!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Omegas instinctively searched for calming pheromones of loved ones to appease their raging need while in heat. This, coupled with the fact that his scent had to be so condensed it hid the slick-sweet smell of George's heat, really only left one place to look.

Dream opened his closet door to see George curled into a ball on the floor, wrapped in his blankets and with his nose buried into one of his coats, breathing in deeply and shaking with every inhale. He had been muffling his moans and whimpers by biting down hard on his blanket, which also absorbed all of the slick he was letting out. He looked like he had touched himself very sparingly, probably because he wanted to keep quiet.

He looked absolutely delicious, the flush of his pale skin contrasting with the bright green of Dream's hoodie draping over him like a tunic. Dream could see his pale collarbone, unmarked and creamy. His eyes were blown out with lust and from sitting in the darkness, and his tented shorts were soaked in his slick. Now that his scent was slowly returning, Dream could smell the thickness of the scent, clouding his mind and sending pleasure up his spine.

He was rather glad for the damper the scent suppressors put on the heat pheromones. He could use this time to make sure George was okay, and hopefully get some consent for what he was going to do.

The Omega looked up at him blearily and whimpered. "Dr-Dream?" He whispered, voice raspy and high. Even through the blanket, Dream could hear that George sounded absolutely wrecked, probably from suffering on his own for so long. He felt awful as he sat down on the floor to gaze at his friend, who whimpered and ducked his head, shutting his eyes tightly.

"Yes, it's me. George, were you hiding from me?" He said a little sadly. He reached for the Omega's cheek, and George accepted the touch eagerly on instinct, nuzzling his hand before

gasping and drawing back with a whine. Dream frowned at that and moved closer, eyes darkening at the way George hazily responded to his movements by subconsciously presenting his bare neck right where the mating gland was. "What's wrong, beautiful?"

George shivered at that, eyes innocent and wide, tilting his head further to the side, making the tendons in his neck flex. Dream revelled in the look before snapping himself back. "George, are you alright? Can you at least think a little clearly?"

The Omega blinked dopily up at him, seeming not to hear him. He must've been further along than originally thought. "George, I asked you a question." His voice was sterner, putting some of that Alpha command into play. He didn't ever use it, but this was a special case, evident by the way George let loose an adorably submissive mewl at the sound of it, and nodded quickly.

"Can I touch you?" A bit of hesitation, and then a slower nod.

Though he got some confirmation, it was obvious that the older man was very much out of it and wasn't fully conscious about what was going on, the Omegan instinct too strong. But it wasn't as bad as he had worried, and George seemed to at least have a bit of self-restraint as he continued shifting and panting shyly, seeming to not want to lose complete control while Dream watched him.

At the height of solo heats, Dream knew that Omegas would often deliriously beg for someone to breed them while touching themselves desperately, and the Alphas and Betas wouldn't hold back, the pheromones and submissive display driving them wild. So George hadn't hit his peak, but was probably going to some time throughout the night. The thought of George begging for him to fuck him hard made his dick twitch in interest, and Dream brushed away the guilt. *Enough of that. George needs you. Remember, you're doing this for him.*

"Okay. Come here." Dream cooed, pulling the blanket from his mouth and then George out of the closet and into his arms so that he was somewhat sitting sideways on his thighs. The Omega moaned happily as he pressed his nose to Dream's neck, whining softly, and Dream shivered.

"Is this okay?" He asked as he wrapped his arms around the smaller boy's lower torso. George nodded quickly, shifting slightly on Dream's thighs.

Scenting was important for Omegan heats because it let their bodies know that there was a willing mate nearby. Alpha pheromones would incur a stronger immediate reaction while Betas would eventually build up to it. Bonus points if it was a familiar or already mated scent, which told them it was safe to relax.

Dream supposed he checked off both boxes, especially as George continued to inhale deeply against his neck.

"George, you scared me. I was afraid you were getting hurt." He confided softly into the Omega's sweaty dark hair as he pressed his body close to his, even though he knew that George wasn't listening. He desperately wished this was any other situation, one where he'd be able to enjoy the feeling of the Brit's body against his fully and without any guilt.

But hindsight was 20/20 and all he could do now was do his best. He listened to George coo, a kind of gentle determination settling in his heart as he continued murmuring softly to the Omega as he rubbed circles into his back.

"I'm going to help you, okay? And then we're going to have a long talk, and you can do whatever you want to me for being such an idiot. And I'll take it just as long as you're safe, okay Georgie? I

just want you to be happy."

The Omega looked up at him innocently as he gave a sad sigh. Dream chuckled apologetically and hesitantly pressed a light kiss to his temple. The smaller boy gasped and smiled brightly at that, making Dream feel a bit better.

"I'm going to move us to my bed, alright?" Dream hooked his arms around George's torso and legs, pulling him into a princess carry. George gasped delightedly and leaned into his chest as he stood easily and brought them to his bed.

As he placed George down carefully, the Omega sighed happily as he pressed his face into Dream's pillow. "Smells good." He whimpered, and Dream smiled at how cute he was.

"Do you like my scent, Georgie?" He asked softly, sitting on the side of the bed and running a hand through the other's sweaty hair. The smaller boy keened happily at the touch and stared up at him sweetly even as slick continued to pour out of him.

"Yes, Alpha, like pine. Like it lots." Now that he had scented Dream, he was quite coherent for being in heat, even if his words were slurred together. Dream smiled even wider at that and placed a hand on his soft cheek, making him pant in approval. *How is he this cute even when we're about to...*

He swallowed hard, noting how George's gaze followed the bob of his Adam's apple with a small whimper.

"George, do you... know what's going on?" He asked carefully. George blinked questioningly as he nuzzled into Dream's large hand. *So basically a no.* Dream frowned, he was hoping the scenting would clear him up enough so that Dream could get some real consent. But it seemed like he'd have to make do. "Do you know who I am?"

At that, George perked up, eyes blinking adoringly up at him. "Alpha, you're Alpha."

Dream couldn't help but feel a little disappointed by that. Not that the constant appeal to Dream's Alpha wasn't nice, but he also quite wanted George to call his name, to know that it was him there with him like always.

But this was about George, not him.

He smiled and leaned closer, looming over the Omega, who stilled, instantly feeling the switch in tone. His voice dropped an octave as he considered the smaller boy under him. "Then are you on the pill for your Alpha, Georgie?"

The Omega gasped and shifted suddenly, hips jerking at the dirty implications behind the simple sentence. Then he lowered his head in meek faux-submission and uttered a desperate "Yes." Dream growled approvingly down at the Omega, turning from his sideways position to fully lean over him.

"Then... even if it's just for tonight... will you let me take care of you, George? Will you let me adore you and all of you? Will you let me make you feel good like you deserve?" He whispered, cupping George's face with both of his hands tenderly, brushing his cheeks with his calloused thumbs.

Surprisingly, George studied him with an intensity not characteristic to heats, before dipping his head with a breathy "Yes."

Dream smiled so softly, feeling his heart warm at the way George blinked up at him through dark eyelashes submissively and temptingly. He reached to cup the side of George's neck, resolving to not make him wait any longer.

"Thank you."

Then he attached their lips fiercely, kissing George like it was the last day on Earth. Like fitting two puzzle pieces together, like sliding a lock into place. George groaned, arms looping around Dream's neck and pulling him flush against him, chest to chest.

It was like a dream come true, the knowledge that George was being so receptive to him. Heat or not, this belonged to them, in their room and in their arms. Everything about this was theirs. Dream was glad to be able to have George like this, to be the one with the beautiful Omega in his arms. And even if George did push him away tomorrow, he wanted to take care of him tonight, making peace with his future relationship with his best friend for his sake.

Dream nipped at George's lips and smiled as the other instinctively opened his mouth submissively for him to explore. He shifted to straddle the other's middle so that he could get a better angle to lick into George's pliant mouth, curling their tongues together with a wet sound that made him twitch.

From this new position, Dream could clearly run his hands up and down George's torso, slipping under the stained hoodie to rub his bare skin. George jerked and quailed at the touch, making Dream chuckle deeply as he stopped kissing George. "Aw, look how pretty." George gaped up at him at that, and if he had a tail, it would probably be wagging.

What did Omegas usually like? Dream hadn't been with too many Omegas. But he knew during heats they liked to be dominated and feel possessed by their partners. That was why many Omegas looked for an Alpha because they were biologically more possessive. Dream was a perfect example- he was highly territorial with his partners, and got jealous easily. He wasn't proud of it (especially when a situation like the one with Techno happened), but if it made George feel good then he'd fully embrace it.

He brushed over George's nipples, and he tossed his head back in a breathy mewl, shifting under his ministrations as Dream cooed. "So pretty, George, you're so pretty." He smiled at the way the smaller boy continued to tense and relax at his praise, a pleasing flush dusting his cheeks. "You like it when I praise you, good boy?"

George nodded rapidly, desperation clear in the frantic movement. "P-Please, Alpha, call me good." He craned his neck upwards to nose at Dream's neck hazily at the mating gland. "Please, call me yours."

A textbook Omega request, but hearing it from George's mouth is ridiculously hot.

Dream let out a possessive growl at the hushed plea, feeling heat pulse in his gut as his pleasure became very obvious, his pants tightening. "If that's what you want, baby." The pet name just slipped out of his mouth, but George seemed to like it, his neck tilting to show off the mating spot instantaneously. Dream had to remind himself not to latch onto it, instead choosing to suck at an area right above it.

George whined and one of his hands came up to tangle in his hair. Dream smirked before giving the hickey a little nip and licking it when George gave a long whimper. "I'll mark you up so good that no one will be able to deny that you're mine. Would you like that, George?"

“Yes!” George keened as he began nipping and sucking at another section, fully intending to make good on his promise. The Omega continued making beautiful squeaky noises as Dream licked and sucked and bit his way down his neck and then down to the collarbone, pulling his hoodie aside so that he could leave more marks all over the creamy skin.

The hoodie, while gorgeous on George, was actually just getting in the way, Dream realized with a huff. He began to pull at the cloth, pulling it over George’s arms and then head tenderly. “C’mon, I want to see you all perfect and naked under me.”

George sighed in agreement, and the second the hoodie was off he pulled Dream down for a desperate kiss, sloppy and with a lot of tongue, but Dream didn’t mind. He briefly peeled away to pull off his own shirt, tossing it over his head as he immediately pressed himself back against George, their bare chests plastered against each other, the pleasing sensation of skin on skin making both of them groan throatily.

Dream leaned up to press feverish kisses into George’s neck and then mouth again, biting and nipping at his already red lips. As he did, he reached down to palm George’s bulge through his soaked sleep shorts, making the Omega moan surprisedly into their kiss.

“How long were you waiting for me, huh?” He questioned with a deep croon as he slipped his hand under the elastic of the pants and the boxers to fondle George’s erection.

“S-So long, Alpha!” George whimpered as he bucked his hand into Dream’s hand almost subconsciously, looking up at him with pouty lips and teary eyes. Dream groaned at the sight, he looked good enough to eat. “I was waiting for you for so long...”

Dream bit back a sad frown at that, choosing instead to trail down George’s torso with open-mouthed kisses, from his collarbone down to his v line, pausing to nose teasingly at the happy trail that led downwards. “My poor Omega. I’m sorry I left you so lonely. But I’m here now. And I’ll help you out.”

He pulled George’s shorts down and the Omega eagerly kicked them off, whining as his heated, wet skin came into contact with the cool night air. He gently kissed the head of George’s cock, swiping it with his tongue and tasting the salty precum that he was practically leaking. George gasped and bucked his hips, but Dream held him down with his other hand, tutting. “Be a good boy for me now, George.”

“Alpha...” The other moaned as Dream licked his dick from base to tip. “You don’t- don’t have to-”

Dream furrowed his brow at that, meeting George’s teary gaze. Somewhere deep inside he sensed that he was embarrassed, and that just wouldn’t do. He wanted George to enjoy this as much as possible. “I want to, baby. I want to make you feel good. I want to make you *scream* in pleasure for me.” And with that he took the dick from tip to base, deep-throating it in one fell swoop, and George did indeed scream, his hands flying to Dream’s hair again.

There was a bit of Dream that wanted this to be the perfect night in case George did choose to leave him the next day, not just a quick suck and fuck. So he continued to lavish George with pleasure, catering to the Omega’s weak spots as he twitched and gasped under him.

He wrapped his tongue under the sensitive head, teasing at the veins carefully as George twitched and whimpered, pants of air leaving his flushed open mouth. “Alpha, feels good!” He babbled as he tugged gently on Dream’s hair, sending tickles of pleasure downwards and making him groan. The sudden vibration made George lurch and keen.

Dream continued bobbing his head back and forth as George moaned, already looking blissed out and flushed perfectly. But right when he let out a choked “A-Alpha!” and tensed up, Dream popped off with a last strong suck, making George cry out at the lack of stimulation. “Alpha, please!”

“You wanna cum here Georgie?” He purred deviously down at the squirming Omega, pressing a last kiss on his reddening cock. “I haven't even stretched you on my fingers yet. Don't you want my knot?”

And the way that George flushed at that was like a visual treasure.

Dream chuckled as the Omega looked downward and nodded meekly, a groan itching its way up his throat at the eagerness in his eyes. He loved the fact that George was looking at him like that. Only him.

“I'd normally use lube, but something tells me you've already been pretty thoroughly lubricated, huh? All wet for me, right? Such a good Omega.” He reached further down to poke at George's hole as the Brit keened, and the feeling of the slick coating his fingers was answer enough. “Still, I'm going to stretch you just in case. Can never be too careful with my dear little Omega, huh?”

George whined as Dream slowly inserted his index finger, then after a while of testing added another. He was remarkably loose already. “Fuck, look at you, Georgie, so open and wet for me.”

“Yes, Alpha, for you.” George whimpered, and Dream kissed him hard on the lips for that. He continued to stretch the Omega carefully, adding in a third and then a forth after a while, all the while distracting George and muffling his mewls of pleasure and adjustment with his mouth. He bit down particularly hard on George's lip the same time as he pressed his fingers inward and George jerked and moaned hard, and he knew he had found his prostate.

The preparation had pulled some truly beautiful sounds from George's mouth, and the lewd squelching of the slick dribbling out of his hole only served to turn Dream on more. He quickly unwrapped himself from the Omega to pull his stifling sweatpants and boxers off hurriedly, also tossing them to who knew where.

He turned to see George eyeing him hungrily and bit back a blush. They had been literally going at it for what seemed like an hour, but the beautiful desperate look in George's dark eyes made him grow even harder. It seemed like just when Dream thought George couldn't get any better, he did.

“You ready, baby?” He murmured as he leaned over George, guiding his cock with one hand and, and pressing the blunt head to the entrance. George moaned, eyes lit with lust, and nodded hard, quivering and hot.

“Please Alpha, I need to be filled by you!” He moaned wantonly, and Dream growled at the sound.

Oh fuck, that's hot. He's reached the peak, hasn't he? Perfect timing. Dream thought hazily before snapping his hips and plunging into the Omega's tight wet heat. He gave a throaty moan at the same time that George let out a high-pitched wail, and the sounds of their pleasure echoed throughout their room.

He was really glad that their room was secluded, because neither of them were quiet at all.

George felt perfect around Dream, so tight and so soft and so hot. When he shifted, he could feel him clenching down on him slightly, caressing every bit of his dick. He rolled his hips experimentally, dragging his dick in and out slowly while building speed, making sure to drag along the Omega's pulsating walls.

He looked down to see George's face and almost moaned just from the visual alone. He looked hotter than Dream had ever imagined, his pretty porcelain face stretched into a beautifully unashamed moan, flushed in all of the right places, as Dream continued to build up his thrusts.

He was in the perfect position to admire how gorgeous his best friend was, what with his nails digging into his sweaty back and his cock sliding against Dream's stomach as he thrust. His legs were spread wide to accommodate Dream, and he'd be worried if he didn't know how bendy the other was. Dream may have been buffer and broader from his years of football, but George was naturally flexible and lanky in a way that made his breath get caught in his throat.

"Al-Alpha! Please!" George moaned fully, his very voice doing amazing things to Dream's guts. He growled in response, canting his hips toward his prostate and smirking at the way George almost screamed.

"Yes, baby?" He purred before planting an open-mouthed kiss onto George's already marked up collarbone. "What do you want me to do for you, hmm?" George curled his right hand into Dream's hair and pulled gently, making Dream groan. "Treat you a little roughly? Is that what you want me to do?"

"Yes!" George gasped, and Dream chuckled deeply before almost fully pulling out, making George whine in protest. The Omega bucked his hips upwards, and Dream smirked before pinning his hips down with a strong hand. "No!"

"My poor little Omega. Don't worry. I'm going to make you see stars." Dream growled, and before George could say anything more, he slammed into him hard, fully sheathing his cock in him, pistoning his hips in and out of George's wet heat with a single-minded fervor. George screamed, nails digging into his back hard, and Dream hazily smirked at the thought of having his marks on his back the next day.

"God, you feel so good around me." Dream whispered into George's ear, occasionally dipping his head to nip at his shoulder and neck, skirting around the mating mark area despite his instincts telling him to go for it. "So beautiful, so gorgeous. I love the way you scream for me when I pound into you just right- God, fuck, I love you."

George gasped at that, and he clenched down hard, making Dream moan suddenly. "Oh, fuck, you like that baby?" He groaned as he continued fucking into him. "You like it when I tell you I love you? You can hear it forever now. Every day. Every time you want me to say it. You're perfect, so perfect, so good for me, Georgie."

George cried out, his whine drawn-out and not stopping as he lay there under Dream and looked pretty. It was everything he'd ever wanted, even though he hadn't known how much he had wanted it until that day. His blissed out face made Dream preen in pride, and his hips began to stutter as he expertly ground into George's hole. He could feel his knot growing, and so could George, moaning harder and harder.

"Ah! Please, Alpha! Inside me!" He managed to get out, and Dream growled with possession.

"You want me to knot you, fill you up with my cum as you squirm on my cock and take it?" He groaned filthy words, and George continued to clench down. Seemed like the smaller boy was about to cum again, his cock sliding between their stomachs, hot and hard.

"Yesss!" He hissed pitifully, his blunt nails dragging down Dream's back as he shuddered like a leaf in the wind. "Alpha, gonna cum, gonna cum! Please touch me!"

God, he sounded absolutely wrecked, face flushed a perfect red and purple marks all over his pale skin. He was the most beautiful thing Dream had ever seen, and his heart felt like bursting.

"Tell me you love me first."

The order fell from his lips unexpectedly, and George's eyes widened. For a second Dream worried that he had taken it too far, pushed too much.

Then George gave an embarrassing moan and threw his head back, exposing his jugular and mating spot needily- a sign of lust and trust all at once. "Please, Alp- *Dream* , I love you! I love you so much!"

Oh, fuck. Dream gaped at the display. George calling him Alpha was beautiful, but the way he screamed his name was even more attractive. He gave a possessive snarl before jumping hungrily into action, the arm supporting him reaching down to quickly wrap around George's erection and pump in time to Dream's thrusts. "That's it, Georgie, so beautiful, so good for me."

The other gave a long, drawn out yelp of pleasure. "A-Alpha, gonna cum!" George's hips bucked staggeringly into Dream's hand as he swiped his hand over the glans. Dream chuckled deeply at the need in his voice and pressed a kiss on his neck.

"Then cum for me." He commanded darkly, and George tensed up in submission, muscles tightening all at once. He furrowed his brow and keened, the flush on his face making him look like he was almost glowing.

"Ah- Ah, *Alpha!*" He gave a jerky moan as he came all over their bare chests, mouth open in a perfect circle and his whole body shuddering. He was gorgeous, his eyes rolling back and long eyelashes fluttering rapidly as he gripped hard at Dream's back and shoulders.

Dream carefully milked him through the orgasm while whispering hushed praises into his ear. "That's it, Georgie, so beautiful when you're coming on my cock. I'm so lucky, you're so perfect."

The praise made George's thighs twitch appealingly. As he settled down, he shivered and moaned, excruciatingly sensitive. *Poor thing's overstimulated already. Makes sense, he's just coming off of his high.*

Sighing at the beautiful sight, Dream made to pull out even though he hadn't come. But George grabbed his wrist with a whine. "No, no... don't stop... please knot me, Alpha." he mumbled hazily. "I want to feel your cum in me."

Dream swallowed, his dick throbbing at the hushed words. "Are you sure?" He licked his lips as George nodded firmly, eyes fucked out and heat-heavy, but intense in all the best ways.

So he slid slowly back in, watching George's face carefully to not hurt him. As he rolled his hips slowly again, George let out a shakey gasp, clearly overstimulated.

"We don't have to do this, George." Dream whispered as he pressed his forehead to George's. "I just wanted to make you feel good. I'm just happy to have had you like this."

But George reached up and cupped Dream's neck to pull him in for a deep kiss, intimate and genuine. Dream sighed surprisedly into it as George sucked at his lower lip.

When they parted, George shook his head and looked up at Dream with big eyes. "Alpha, please, I need it."

Dream continued to resist even as his dick continued to strain at the dirty words. "George, I don't want to hurt you. You're overstimulated."

"*Please, Alpha, breed me.*"

Dream gasped, a fire stoking in his belly at the low whine. He felt the pressure at the base of his cock get larger just from the words, and he hung his head and panted for a second, shutting his eyes briefly, feeling the sweat trickle down his neck. George sounded so beautiful begging for his knot. How could he resist? "*God*, the things you *do* to me..." he growled hungrily before regaining his wits. "Okay, but you asked for this."

He started again, starting slowly just in case, but quickly building up again. With George moaning encouragingly (if exhaustedly) into his neck, it didn't take long for him to reach his peak again. He shuddered and sighed as he chased his orgasm using his friend's body, and god, that sounded horrible but also made him rut harder.

He felt like an elastic band stretched out to the maximum, the pleasure frying his brain with every thrust. George panted and whined into his ear as he grunted, and the beautiful sounds were what really brought him over. "George, I-!"

George hissed tiredly but rocked excitedly against him at the feel of his knot growing against him. "Inside, Alpha, you promised!"

Dream groaned in complete agreement before thrusting in one last time and grinding his knot against George's soft hole. For a second, it wouldn't fit, and George moaned wantonly at the feeling. Then Dream pushed harder and it popped inside the ring of muscle, stretching George out fuller than ever before, the tissues still inflating inside of him.

"George!" Dream gave a breathy shout as his entire body trembled, stars flying behind his eyelids as his cock began to spurt out into George's already wet heat. He dropped his head and bit down on George's shoulder hard as he shuddered through his orgasm, the Omega's heat clenching deliciously around him as his knot grew. "*Fuck*, George. So good."

Said Omega seemed to love the feeling as well, whining loudly as Dream clamped down on his shoulder, then wriggling and whimpering heavily as Dream's hot cum began to fill him up. Blissed out and almost delirious, he pressed his nose into Dream's neck and gave it a happy little lick before promptly falling asleep with a sigh.

Dream, equally exhausted by their passion, took a hazy moment to appreciate the way their bodies joined together, George so beautifully speared on his knot. They would be locked for another hour at least as the Omega's body took his release willingly. He gave a happy groan at the thought as he maneuvered them into a spooning position and eased himself down beside the other.

"That was so good, George." He mumbled as his eyes drifted closed. He pressed a soft kiss to the back of his neck and pressed his chest into his back, enjoying the warmth of their bodies and the thick scent of satiated vanilla that perfumed the air. "I love you so much."

He thought he heard a content whine in response before he fully blacked out.

Cross that one off my bucket list, I suppose. Did I really stretch one sex scene into 4000 words?

Leave constructive criticism below please! It's my first time writing smut and I'm not sure how to improve.

Next chapter most of this will come to a close (with more sin) (and finally some communication) (because goddamn) and then there will be an epilogue finally capstoning this story!

just hold me now

Chapter Notes

This one was a doozy! Sorry for making you all wait, but 12,600 words is a lot for one of my chapters. Also it tackles so many points that it was pretty hard to figure out how to structure it. But I hope it's satisfactory at the very least, and that it heals all of the angst and the pining from before.

After this is just the epilogue and the prequels, so watch out for those. I do return to school in about a week, however, so uploads are mostly going to slow unless I have most of them written down (which I do for a few of them).

Edit: sorry, small uploading error so I had to reupload. What's up with AO3?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George felt warm sunlight drizzle across his face, and groaned slightly. It was a Saturday, and he usually took the weekends to sleep in as much as possible. He was warm and snug under the covers, the sunlight and the steady heat surrounding him pulling him back to sleep-

Wait.

His bed was nowhere close to their windows, mostly because he was sensitive to the light. So this wasn't his bed. But the scent of vanilla and pine definitely confirmed that he was in his room.

As he forced himself out of the sludge of unconsciousness, he began noticing more things. He was quite sore, but almost satisfyingly so, as if he had worked out extremely hard. He also felt quite refreshed, a rare thing considering how fucked his sleep schedule was.

What happened..? He thought blearily, blinking the sleep out of his eyes. *And where's Dream? He usually wakes me up if I sleep in too-*

Dream.

Then the memories of yesterday began tumbling back, and George froze as he began reviewing them. *My heat came unscheduled, and I was- and then Dream- and then we- Oh my fucking god.*

The last thing he remembered was sitting in the closet feeling like he was sinking into a pool of lava, on fire and itching to reach down and pleasure himself to quench it. The scent of pine in Dream's closet was almost unbearable, making him burn inside and out, his erection twinging with every inhale, begging for him to give in and wrap his hand around it. But he couldn't touch himself, he had to resist, Dream would definitely hear, and then-

But George should have known that Dream was too smart for him, that he knew him almost better than he knew himself. The closet door had opened and George had looked up to see his roommate, his eyebrows crinkled and his handsome face flushed, staring open-mouthed down at him.

It was such a beautiful look, and the Omega in him preened at the idea of their Alpha searching for him. But when the familiar pine, saturated with worry so strong even the Omega could discern it, flared with relief and then arousal, George had wanted to beg and quail.

Please! Please run, you don't have to do this! Why did you come back? The rational part of him had wanted to scream. *You don't want me, and I don't want you to do something you don't want.*

But his rational side had been buried under layers of the flickering heat and pleasure that encompassed him so fully, and all that left his mouth was a quivering "D-Dream?" as he tried not to give in and launch himself into the Alpha's warm grasp. And then everything had gone black, or fuzzy and muted.

And then...

He gripped at the bedsheets around him, and felt the stiffness of sweat and fluids on the normally soft cloth. Their entwined scents emanated from them, and he balked before looking down slightly.

There's no way... did we actually...?

Oh fuck, he was naked. And in his best friend's bed. And as he fully woke up, he realized that there was a steady presence behind him, breathing softly as he nuzzled into George's hair. His grasp was secure against George's waist, and the feeling of his bare chest pressed against him as they spooned was something he hadn't even allowed himself to think about before. He shifted, and then bit back a gasp.

He had definitely not allowed himself to even dream of the feeling of Dream's limp, spent dick pressed against his ass. He felt the sticky trails of cum and slick mixing together, drizzling out of his soft hole and down his thighs- his knot must have deflated and slipped out overnight. Thank goodness he was on birth control-

They had really fucked.

He felt his heart rate skyrocket as he pressed his eyes shut and buried his head into the blankets, wishing that he could go back, back to when they were best friends, back to when his stupid second gender hadn't forced his best friend over the line.

God, why was he an Omega, he hadn't cared before until he had moved in with Dream, but fuck, if he was another Alpha or a Beta like Sapnap he could have avoided all of this while still getting to live with Dream.

Tears began to prick at his eyes, pooling and spilling over as he shook slightly. It was because he had been selfish, he had been so selfish, he had just wanted Dream to be with him as much as possible, he had wanted to see him laugh and smile and be the stupid dorky best friend he loved.

It was a fool's death, he knew. He should have kept his distance so that he didn't have to have his heart continuously shattered and remade by the Alpha. But in the end he hadn't really cared if it made him fall harder and deeper in love, he had already understood that he would never be getting over the blond as long as he lived, and he just wanted-

But it was always going to end in catastrophe, right? No matter how hard George tried to keep it? And now Dream was going to leave, and George was going to sit in the ruins of the best thing that had ever happened to him and cry. He swallowed a teary hiccup.

Dream shifted behind him all of a sudden, and George remembered too late how sensitive the Alpha was to his scent.

"...Georgie."

His voice was raspy and low, and the sound of it coupled with the nickname sent shivers down

George's spine. He had heard Dream's voice in the mornings before, but this was different, was it lower? More fucked out? He felt guilt flicker in his stomach.

When he didn't answer, heart thumping away in his chest, Dream gave a deep sigh. "Are you crying, George?" His large hand raised from George's waist to maneuver around his face, wiping away the tear tracks ever so gently even without seeing him.

It made George want to cry harder at how gentle Dream was being with him. At how intimate the little action was, so intimate that he felt his heart was going to burst. But instead he swallowed it down, breathing slowly to calm himself down. He didn't want to make another problem for Dream.

"I can smell you panicking, George." The other whispered, nose pressing into the back of his neck slowly, giving him time to pull away. He didn't, and when Dream exhaled softly he felt the air tickle against him. "Will you please talk to me?"

What was the Alpha thinking? George could usually tell easily what he was feeling, even without smelling- Dream wore his heart on his sleeve. But now, turned away from him and heart beating something crazy, he couldn't decipher the tone of his voice.

He stayed still like a deer in the headlights of a fast moving car, the panic building even as he tried to push it down. At his continued silence, Dream made a pathetic noise at the back of his neck and pressed closer. " *Please*, George." He whispered. "Please talk to me. I want to-."

"I-I can't." George's voice broke slightly. *How can I say anything when I'm so scared that one word is going to scare you away?* "How did you find me..?"

Dream paused. "I panicked a little, but you took your blankets with you and there were no scent trails out of the room. You had to be hiding inside."

"Ah..." George felt dumb for not realizing that. The two lay in silence for a little while, and George could physically feel how restless the other was getting.

Dream was never exactly a patient person, which the Brit both loved and hated about him. He'd wake him up with a boisterous yell if he slept in for too long or if he wanted to show or tell him something, and vault over furniture (and even people) to plaster himself to his side.

Usually his earnestness would make George roll his eyes fondly and give into whatever the other wanted from him, but it just made him feel sick now.

The second they talked, Dream was going to leave. He couldn't even think of anything to say, what could he say if anything he said would be used against him? No matter how hard he tried to force the panic down, it continued to bubble and churn away at his insides.

"Please, George! Please say something." There was a kind of desperation in Dream's voice now. "We just- and I found out- you were-" he heard a swallow. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"It shouldn't have mattered." He whispered brokenly. "I didn't want- Oh my god."

Dream shifted behind him suddenly, sitting up and tugging gently on George's bare shoulder so that he had to turn to look at him. "What do you *mean* , it shouldn't have mattered... you matter, George. You matter, and you were- you were hurting yourself!"

The Omega let himself be manhandled, tears still in his eyes. He looked away, not wanting to meet the other's gaze.

"Please, George... please look at me..." Dream made a heartbroken sound as he sat up and pulled the Omega carefully up with him, propping him up carefully as the Brit went limp in his arms, begging himself not to cry more.

And George hated himself for making his best friend sound so broken. Hated himself for not being able to resist obeying the Alpha when he sounded so weak.

Hated himself for being so in awe when he finally looked over to shakily meet his gaze.

The sunlight draped over the other's broad, freckled shoulders and highlighted his curls, and Dream looked ethereal in the liquid gold. Like a sun god, regal and untouchable. George swallowed as he traced over his freckled collarbone, chiseled and strong, with his eyes. It was unfair how beautiful he was.

It was unfair how quickly he was going to lose this.

Dream had a similarly shocked look in his eyes, and he reached out to touch George's own, pale collarbone almost subconsciously. George held his breath as the Alpha scanned him with a heat in his gaze, his rough fingertips just barely grazing his bare skin. "Holy shit... did I ...?"

George looked down to see red and purple splotches covering his pale skin, proof of the way Dream had taken him last night, marked him up and made him whine with pleasure. Heat pooled briefly at the sight, but then he shut his eyes and whimpered. Dream instantly recoiled at the noise, ripping his hand away with a gasp.

"I'm- I'm sorry, I shouldn't have-" Dream swallowed and made to move away, tilting his face into the shadows of their room. "You don't want to talk so- I'll just go now, I'm sure-" He choked, and reached for his clothes, shuffling out of the bed quickly. "I'll- I'll bring you some medication and then we can just- I can move out if that's-"

No! George almost shouted. He knew he had messed everything up, he knew this would ruin everything, and now the one thing he wanted to avoid at all costs was happening to him. He launched forward to grab Dream's wrist with his own, wincing at the way the movement pulled at his sore muscles. The Alpha stopped moving immediately, his eyes wide.

George looked up at him with teary, pleading eyes, begging him silently with every fiber of his body. Desolation wracked his heart, making him whimper and struggle to speak, to convey how much he needed the other by his side. He knew he had no right to, but if he could change his mind at all, he'd do anything to do it.

"I'm sorry." he whispered smally, his heart cradled in his throat. "I'm so sorry so... Please... please don't go."

Dream looked at him, the devastated look in his eyes flickering with something. Hope? "You don't want me to... to leave?"

"No, I-" He shook his head softly. Why was speaking suddenly so hard? Speaking with Dream was supposed to be easy. He swallowed and reached out to hold Dream's wrist with his other hand as well, as if grounding the Alpha next to him. "I'm sorry... this wasn't supposed to happen, I didn't mean to... Please don't leave me." He sobbed once.

God, he sounded so needy begging for the other man to stay with him. Of course Dream would want to leave after what just happened, what right did he have to demand him to stay? The tears continued to pour down his cheeks as he sniffled pathetically.

Dream was silent for an awfully long time, just staring down at George's hands around his wrist, and the Brit's heart dropped into his stomach. He quickly let go, backing up. "I'm sorry- I don't want to do anything you don't want- I just wanted-"

Please don't leave. Please don't leave. I need you here by my side like I need air, I need you so much I think I'll drown without you.

Dream shifted close again. He hesitated before reaching to cup George's face with his hand, and George gasped at the intimate action. "You... don't want me to leave." He said slowly, the statement reaffirming to both George and himself as he brushed the tears away with a rough thumb.

George shook his head softly, eyes dropping to the freckled constellations on Dream's bare collarbone again. "Please don't... I'm sorry for making you... I wasn't supposed to go into heat ever." He mumbled. "The pills- they were supposed to- so you wouldn't ever feel obligated to-"

Dream shuddered at that. "You think I'm upset that you went into heat?"

"Me going into heat would mean-" George couldn't meet his gaze. "And I know you would never- not willingly- not to me, I mean."

The Alpha made a little sound of disbelief in his throat as he drew back slightly. "Why would you- not to you?"

George inhaled softly, searching,, but the smell of bubblegum that had choked him before had worn off in the nighttime by their passion, covered with layers of vanilla like a claim.

He shoved down the pleased growl itching its way up his throat and instead raised a shaking hand and pressed it to the fading hickey on the side of Dream's neck. The sight of it still upset him, and he hated the jealousy that bubbled in him.

"I know that I didn't give that to you, Dream. Last night. You smelled like-" he hiccuped. "Someone else."

Dream gasped, his hand flying upwards to gently hold George's hand to his neck, the blond seemingly having forgotten the love bite. "Oh, George-"

"That's why I hid, I-" He couldn't tell him that he had been waiting for him, how pathetic and sleazy was that? "No matter how much I wanted- I didn't want you to have to- when you were with another..."

The Alpha seemed shocked into silence, fingers pressing slightly into the Omega's knuckles as he stared at him. After a small pause, he blurted, "But you- you wanted-?"

Me?

George felt a kind of bitterness rise in him. If this was already ruined, he had nothing to lose by saying the whole truth. He dumbly nodded his head, sniffing and pressing at his eyes with the heel of his palm gingerly. Dream gasped, and the sound made him want to disappear.

Instead, he forced himself to speak, voice gummy with broken resignation. "Yes. For-for a long time. A ridiculously long time. Why do you think I never dated anyone? I- It was always you."

It was always, always you.

"...Since when?" Dream whispered.

"Since the Ferris Wheel. Maybe a little before that." George gave a humorless laugh, rubbing at his puffy eyes. "And then we moved in together and- everyday it was like-"

Like I was falling for you more and more. All of the little things you do. All of the little things that make you Dream.

"...It was the best and worst decision of my life." He finished quietly.

Dream's eyes were wide with shock, and George braced himself for the rejection and the inevitable distancing. *Am I mourning a relationship that never existed?* He wondered bitterly. *A one sided one that never had the chance to leave the ground.*

But Dream didn't push him away or back away incredulously. He just dropped his head into his hand with a breathy groan.

Then he gave a ridiculously dry laugh as he looked up with a giddiness in his eyes and pulled closer to George, grasping his hip and tugging him forward, almost so that the smaller man was in his lap. George gasped in confusion, hands coming up to rest at Dream's shoulders for stability.

"We really fucked up this whole communicating thing, huh? No wonder Sappnap seemed so frustrated."

George couldn't figure out what the other was saying, his mind still reeling from the way Dream had so easily pulled him in. "What? What do you-"

And then Dream just leaned in and kissed him softly, his second hand coming up to encapsulate both sides of George's face.

It probably wasn't the first time they had kissed, but it was the first time for George, and he made a squeaky noise of surprise. Dream's lips were warm and chapped, and everything George had dreamed about. The scent of evergreen curled around George as the Alpha pressed their lips together gently, his hands warm on his cheeks.

It was almost dream-like (ha!), the sunlight cascading down on their naked bodies as his crush and best friend kissed him so softly, so sweetly, that the Brit was sure this was another one of those embarrassing daydreams that he had when he was alone.

Did I die maybe? Did I overdose on pills and just fucking die? Or maybe this whole thing was me being sick and I died and went to heaven because this is some high class fuckery-

Dream pulled away tenderly and George made an unintelligible noise, eyes wide and face already beginning to flush as he scanned the other's (almost smug) face. "Hu- wha-?"

Dream looked at him with incredibly fond eyes as he pressed their foreheads together sweetly. George's stomach flipped as the Alpha smirked at the flush crawling its way onto his pale cheeks, his thumbs brushing over it like he was painting it onto him, the warmth almost like another kiss. "George, I'm in love with you."

George almost choked. Dream gave a low laugh as the Brit gaped up at him, face becoming more and more scarlet.

"It's unbelievable how cute you are." The Alpha murmured. "Look how red you're becoming just from my words." It seemed like his usual confidence was coming back, under toned with a heavy layer of giddy relief. He leaned down again, angling his face towards the Omega.

But George couldn't think so fast, his brain fried from confusing emotion and the kiss. He squawked and covered his face as the other grinned down at him. "I-I don't- what do you mean?"

"Isn't it obvious, Georgie?" Dream chirped as he nuzzled at George's hair. "I just said it."

"Please Dream! I-" George's voice caught in his throat. What were these emotions rushing through him? Disbelief, doubt, relief, overwhelmingly confusing joy? "Please don't joke around with me, my heart can't take it. If you're leaving just say it and don't-"

"Wh- I'm not joking, George." Dream's voice was firm now, and he pulled the smaller man's chin up to look at him. His gaze was uncharacteristically serious, and George felt weak at the way it swept over him before piercing his own dark gaze. "I'm in love with you too. I'm never leaving you, I will always be here by your side."

He's not leaving?

"But you can't be." George whispered. "You never- I thought that-"

The Alpha rumbled at that. "It's true that I didn't know that I was in love with you for a while. It took a lot of things yesterday to finally make me realize I was head-over-heels for you and just too dumb to realize."

"I- yesterday?" George asked, still in disbelief.

Dream chuckled. "You were in my hoodie napping, and Techno had wandered into my room to return a jacket or something. He thought you were me and I walked in to see him pretty much pinning you to the bed."

He shook his head. "I was so jealous. And I didn't know why for a little. But then I realized I was jealous because *I* wanted to be the one pinning you down. You looked amazing in my hoodie, and you smelled like me too. It was maddening to see someone else over you when you looked like *mine*."

George colored even further at that, and Dream snickered again before pressing a kiss into his hair. "I thought you and him were a thing because you, um, made a really pretty noise under him. And it made me... really mad. Forced some introspection."

The Alpha sighed, beginning to absentmindedly trace shapes into George's hipbone. It sent a shiver down his back, how Dream was so intimately touching him, like he owned him.

"Not gonna lie, I think I was so used to having a monopoly on you that I never really considered you dating someone. It's a bit of a testament to my denseness that I only realized my feelings for you because the idea of you with Techno- or just someone other than me- made me irrationally angry."

"I- I've never even met him!" George squawked, brain booting back up suddenly. "And- the only reason I whined was because-" he hid his face in his hands for a second before peeking back up. "You came in and it smelled like pine. And I really needed-" he broke off, too embarrassed to continue.

"Oh..." Dream broke into a pleased smile, his cheeks also flushing a bit. "You missed my smell?"

George groaned. "Don't make me say it, please." Muted relief and joy was beginning to curl inside of him, but some doubt remained. "But the other Omega...?"

"I went to the game all pissed off and- well, while I was at the after party, an Omega propositioned me, and-" The Alpha shifted a little awkwardly as his right thumb rubbed comforting circles onto his bare hip. "Well, he looked kind of like you. And, uh, I was sad and horny."

The Omega blinked up at him. "So the hickey-"

"I was imagining you leaving it on me." Dream's voice dropped an octave as he regarded the flushed Brit with a glimmer in his eyes. "I was imagining what it would be like if I was pinning you to the wall so you couldn't escape and letting you mark me up, or marking you up myself so no one could take you away from me."

George gasped, his eyes shutting briefly as his dick twitched in interest. Dream's gaze seemed to darken as he noticed, and it was only then that George remembered that he was still naked. He choked and covered himself hurriedly. "Don't- don't just say things like that!"

"Nah, I'm gonna say it as much as possible to make up for lost time." Dream chuckled deeply, his eyes hooded. "Besides, it seems you like the sound of that?" He gestured to his half-chub, and George blushed, grabbing at the blanket to cover his lower half. "I'll note that for later, then."

Later... George cursed, looking away. "Don't try to distract me!"

The other smiled and kissed him on the temple placatingly, the thumb stopping to press at his pelvic bone like a promise. "Okay. I'll have all the time to distract you later anyways." George whimpered at the deep tone in the Alpha's voice.

He was going to fucking explode if this was all a dream.

"Anyways, Techno pulled me away because Sapnap texted him because he couldn't reach me because.... well, because I was being an idiot. I really owe that guy- I was being such a dick to him. And I came back because Sapnap was panicking over you not answering him. For good reason, too. He told me everything."

George flinched as Dream's hands pressed at the base of his torso. He couldn't meet the other's serious gaze. "George, were you really taking those pills so that you wouldn't bother me?"

"I-" He wanted to deny it, wanted to laugh it off so that Dream wouldn't worry about it, but the feeling of his hands steady at his waist and the bare skin of his thighs against his own made a lump form in his throat. "Yes."

The Alpha made a small, sad noise, and pulled him closer so that George was straddling his thighs, so that he was almost cradling the other in his arms. He didn't seem to notice the way fluid continued to drip out of him, but he made sure to hold him tenderly when George winced, still sore, as he was forced to meet the steady, green gaze. "Why did you think you were bothering me?"

The Omega shook his head, aware his scent was getting heavy with sadness. "It's just that- I didn't mean to-" He swallowed heavily and rested his head against Dream's broad shoulder, suddenly feeling very small. "I didn't want you to have to feel like- you were responsible for my heats. I wanted to live with you, even if it just made me..." *fall for you even more* "... and I thought if I had heats, it would ruin everything between us... it was the first time I hated being an Omega."

Dream made another devastated noise before pressing a kiss to his head. "I'm sorry, Georgie."

"It's not your fault- I guess I was just... paranoid." The Omega muttered into his collarbone. "I was too scared of ruining our friendship."

The taller man hummed and carded his fingers through George's hair. "But I'm also sorry for not noticing. That you were forcing yourself through this."

He gave a dry laugh. "Actually, Techno was the one who noticed how stupid I was being and taught me a bit about heats. I... I can't believe he saw on his first meeting what I was missing for four years, you could have gotten seriously hurt, George!"

George gave a short laugh. "It's okay. I get the idea that you don't really know much about Omegas, or that you've never been taught."

Dream winced guiltily. "Yeah... My entire family are Alphas and Betas, and my schooling wasn't very intent on teaching about them." He kissed him on the shoulder again apologetically. "But I promise I'll do better. I'll educate myself. I'll take care of you, okay? I won't fail you ever again."

George smiled softly as Dream stared him in the eyes, trying to convince him of his genuinity. He could see the promise in his furrowed eyebrows and wide, pleading eyes, the same ones he used when he wanted George to pay attention to him. It was quite endearing. "I know, Dream."

"In exchange, you have to promise to never take those pills again, okay? I'll go to administration and tell them about what happened." A lazy smile drifted onto his face as his hand stroked up and down his side sensually. "Besides, you won't need them now that you've got me to help you out."

George gasped, and Dream faltered. "If- If that's what you want, of course." There was a hint of hesitation in his voice now, and his hands stuttered as they slid down his sides. "I don't want to do anything you don't want to do. If you'd rather we--"

"N-No, I..." The Omega flushed, butterflies flying in his chest wildly. He snuck a look at Dream's warm eyes before dipping his head down embarrassedly, his hands gently pressing into the small of the Alpha's back, exploring the divots absentmindedly. "I think I'd like that- if you did help me, I mean." Even the small admission made his insides twist up in joy.

Dream stiffened, a rumble building in his chest at the meek but happy agreement before he shook himself and nosed at George's neck gently. "Then don't mind if I do."

The two sat in a silence for a bit as George digested the boatload of information, an ecstatic joy beginning to build in his stomach. Dream seemed to smell it, rumbling softly and contentedly as he pushed his nose further into George's neck.

"George... You smell so good. All the time, but especially now. Now you're mine. So sweet, so happy. I'm so happy, George. I'm so glad you're safe and sound in my arms." He pressed a kiss onto the glands, enjoying the way the other gasped.

"I've always loved your scent. Loved it on me, love it around me. Last night not being able to smell you was the worst. I hated not being able to be with you or tell what you were feeling. Please, please throw those pills out." he whispered, looking at George with wide, pleading eyes.

The Omega nodded quickly. "Of course, I... I was panicking and... I needed to hide and I had bought them so I wouldn't bother you but..."

"You never bother me, George. Never ever." Dream promised before continuing to nose at the Omega's neck.

George smiled shyly before scenting the Alpha in turn, breathing in the strong cologne of contented evergreen that covered the two like a comforter. "Dream... what exactly are we now?"

The Alpha stopped nuzzling his neck and drew back with a small smile to consider him. "Isn't it obvious, Georgie? We're boyfriends now! You're my boyfriend!"

Boyfriends.

The word alone made a warm, fuzzy, delighted feeling curl up around the Omega's heart, as if the very declaration was filling a hole he had always been aware of.

Everything I've ever wanted, huh?

George laughed, joyous bubbles fizzing away in his chest as the other pressed their foreheads together. "What- just like that then? You didn't even ask me properly!"

It was meant to be a joke, but Dream considered it thoughtfully for a second, face getting serious. "I suppose you're right. You deserve a real confession at the very least."

He suddenly looked radiant in the light of the morning, especially as he gave George a stunningly shy smile. He backed away from the Omega, sitting back on his knees so that he could take George's hands in his own.

He should have found this sight comical- his best friend, buck-fucking-naked, on his knees in front of him, shoulders hunched so that he could meet George's gaze, rubbing his thumbs against the side of his hands.

But the tender, eager look in his sparkling eyes made George's heart swell with warmth and anticipation, the doubt and disbelief finally falling from where it had hung around his heart like a weight.

"George, I have been in love with you for as long as I have known." Dream began, voice impossibly soft as he looked earnestly into his own dark ones. "It's taken me awhile to figure it out, but I do know it like an universal truth. I want you to be the first thing I see in the morning and the last thing I see at night. I want to take care of you and keep you safe beside me and never ever let you go, and when you're away from me I constantly worry about you, like my heart's missing a piece. I'm sorry for making you wait for so long. I love you, George. I love you so much. Please, be my boyfriend."

(Sometimes George forgot that Dream was a writer, but it was at moments like these where he fell in love with him all over again- his skill, his passion, his heart.)

The Omega flushed brightly at the honest words. They almost felt like vows, the way Dream seemed to promise a future together with every sentence. "I- Yes, Dream. Yes, I want to be your boyfriend." he whispered, eyes wide and an unbelievably bright smile on his lips.

"I can't- I can't weave words together like you can... but you are the best person I have ever met and I am so glad to have met you. You changed my life completely. I- I love you too."

It was a little hard to say, especially that last sentence considering that he had repressed the words constantly for years now, too afraid to say it even casually to his bros (to their disappointment). He had been too afraid of sounding too genuine, too romantic instead of platonic, and though they were silly anxieties, they gnawed at him every time the group parted and exchanged casual "love you"s.

Dream seemed to recognize this and drew closer, eyes bright with affection. George pressed his lips to the other man's, the last of the anxiety bubbling away as he lost himself in the feeling of the Alpha's rough lips so gently sucking at his own. He reached up to card his fingers through the

taller man's dirty blonde locks, and Dream gave a low rumble as he cupped his face with large hands.

Dream loves me. I love him. We're boyfriends. We're dating.

They parted and came together repeatedly, eyes still half-closed as they just enjoyed connecting and reconnecting over and over, finally at peace together after being apart for too long. Whenever they parted it was just for a quick breath before one of them would lean in for more, tender and earnest, and the other would reciprocate.

George whined as Dream nipped at his bottom lip, drawing back to study the other with blissful eyes. He didn't back up too far, making sure to stay within their little bubble of love (which was a ridiculously cheesy thing to say and George cringed slightly at the fact that he had thought it) so that Dream could press his forehead against him, their lips still only an inch apart.

"I love you. I love you so much." Dream whispered into the space, and George felt like his heart was going to explode with joy.

"Me too. I love you too." He murmured back. It was getting easier to say it, the words falling from his mouth like a prayer. Dream smiled like it was the greatest gift anyone could have given him, and George wanted to drown in the joy.

"I can't believe we confessed to each other stark naked." He mumbled suddenly against Dream's lips as the thought came to him. "We didn't even have a proper courting session before. Mum's going to have a field day with this."

The Alpha blinked before tossing his head back in a bright, wheezy laugh, and George felt himself smile dopily at the sight. This was how it should be, Dream all boisterous and happy next to him. And it was even better because George was in his arms, so close he could see his eyelashes flutter as he wheezed.

Man, I am whipped, huh?

"But really." Dream cocked his head to the side teasingly after stopping. "After everything we've been through together, Georgie, is there really a need for me to court you? Do you want me to prove my worth to you? I rather think I've been subconsciously doing that this entire time."

The Omega blushed at that. Usually Alphas would show off for prospective mates by demonstrating their physical features and prowess, along with taking extra special care of them—this was what was called courting. But now that he thought back on it, it was definitely true that Dream fussed over him unnaturally, almost like a mother hen.

And living together meant that he was also privy to a lot of naked Dream. The man was an athlete, and on top of not caring about who he was bare in front of if they were male, also took showers very frequently. The number of times he had walked in or had looked up to see Dream soaking wet with nothing but a towel around his waist, or in just his boxers and nothing else, or even just stark naked, was countless.

The first few times he had choked and covered his eyes, blushing madly (which Dream teased him mercilessly for). But after a while he had gotten used to it, usually giving his best friend a droll roll of his eyes as the other male snickered, seemingly disappointed at not being able to fluster George more.

Still, no matter how much he had protested, he had actually quite enjoyed the sight, the snatches of

tanned skin and lean muscle, dirty blonde hair clinging to his face as rivulets of water ran down the divots in his smooth skin, making his stomach clench up, heat pooling in his cheeks and gut.

He took a second to stare at the naked body wrapped around him, the freckles adorning broad shoulders and the sculpted, lean expanse of his chest and abs, golden hair dusting downwards. He swallowed.

"Maybe..." He mumbled, looking shyly up at the Alpha, face flushed hot. "But I wouldn't mind if you showed off for me a bit more."

Dream stuttered, eyes going wide and a pleasing blush dusting his cheeks. "I-" Then he laughed delightedly, and George smiled at the happy sound. "So confident, Georgie! I like it." He pressed an approving smooch on the base of his neck. "Okay then, just for you. Anything you want."

The Omega giggled at that. "Anything? That's a lot of power, Dreamy." And he batted his eyelashes at him, a sickly-sweet simper on his face. It was a joke, but the other seemed to find it startlingly appealing, gaping at him, ears tinting pink, before schooling his face into a dashing smirk.

"You... I don't think you know how cute you sound. Everything about you is so..." And he tilted his face up and kissed his nose lightly. "So attractive."

George sighed, overwhelmingly pleased, as his *boyfriend* pressed his lips to his neck, then his cheek, and then his lips as he rested his arms on his shoulders tenderly. "You really like to kiss me, huh?"

"Mm." The Alpha mumbled into his lips, sending soft vibrations into them. "Makes me so happy." He kissed him again before reaching for his hand tenderly and pressing a sincere kiss onto his knuckles. "You're mine. And I can kiss you in any way you want me to."

He planted another one on the back of his hand like a prince, and then flipped over the hand to kiss him again on the inside of his wrist. "You smell so good, so happy. I want to make you happy."

George shuddered at the intimacy, heart fluttering. If this was a dream, he didn't want to wake up, this was so blissful. His boyfriend (his *boyfriend!*) looked up at him with loving eyes as he continued to press smacking kisses up his arm and then past his collarbone and neck, and then his lips. When they parted again, George swore he was ascending. "God..."

"Most people call me Dream, but okay." the other quipped cheekily, making George roll his eyes with a fond huff.

"Shut up." He murmured before kissing him hard, and Dream sighed in pleasure, cupping the back of his neck with a large hand.

"Gladly, as long as you don't stop kissing me." He rumbled back. "I don't think I'd be able to survive you taking it away now that I've had one taste."

At his hushed, almost adoring words, George shakily pressed himself into Dream's arms, letting their lips lock over and over again as the quivering truth finally fully set into his bones. *Dream loves me back. He loves me back. He's not leaving, he's not leaving me, he loves me.*

Dream groaned into the kisses, hands cupping the back of George's neck and his shoulders, pushing him back to lie back down on the bed. "Now I know I can pin you down, I'm going to do it as much as possible." He whispered in between kisses as he leaned over George.

George whimpered in approval at the idea of the other boxing him in whenever he felt like it, and the Alpha chuckled, running his hands up and down George's bare sides. "Look how beautiful you are under me, Georgie. If I had known how pretty you are when I kiss you, I would have done it so much sooner."

George moaned breathily as Dream sucked at his lower lip, the noise making the other man grin and nip. He pulled back slightly, a hazy look beginning to enter his hooded eyes as he stared down at the Omega. "God, and the way you sound- it's enough to drive me crazy." He dove back in for more kisses, immediately swiping his tongue along his bottom lip to ask for entrance.

Maybe next time (*next time!*) George would be a bit more stubborn and make him work for it, but he was too impatient and excited for what was coming to deny him. He parted his lips so that the other could lick into it, curling their tongues together and exploring his mouth like he owned it. "So eager, George."

"Only for you, Dream." He responded, in between sloppy kisses, tilting his head to expose his neck invitingly. Dream's eyes darkened and he took the invitation, marking the Omega up even further with nips of his teeth and sucks of his mouth right at the base and the tender tendons that tensed when George tossed his head back further to moan.

"That's right. Only for me, only mine." He growled in between bites, dipping down to press at George's nipples and suck more red splotches across his torso. "I'm going to mark you up so good no one will be able to deny that you belong with me. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

George whined as Dream continued pampering his chest, and when the Alpha reared back to look approvingly down at his work, he caught sight of the offending hickey again. He couldn't bear the sight, and growled deep in his throat, pulling the man above him down suddenly to latch his lips onto the love bite.

Dream gasped surprisedly as George sucked hard at the spot, determined to cover up the other Omega's claim on his Alpha. He bit and sucked at a few other spots before muttering in Dream's ear as he gasped and panted. "You too. You're mine. No one else can bite you and suck you and *fuck* you like I can, because you're with me, understand?"

There was a little noise of surprise before the other drew back with hooded eyes. "God, you're so hot dominating too. I didn't think you'd be able to say such filthy words, but..." He kissed him bruisingly hard. "I'll have to note that for later too..."

"Go for it." George groaned, leaning up to nip at Dream's jugular like a precursor to think about for another day. Dream hissed as he smiled up at him lazily. "I'm sure you'd be beautiful under me. But for today..."

Dream smirked and ground down on George's crotch, sliding their hard cocks together (When had George gotten hard? He hadn't even noticed), and George keened embarrassingly loud. The Alpha chuckled deeply at the sound. "Yeah, today I'll make you scream for me."

He continued thrusting slowly against George, the delicious friction making the smaller man keen and buck his hips. Dream pressed him downwards. "Did that hickey set you off, Georgie?"

The Omega snarled quietly, and Dream grinned down at him, pressing his hand reassuringly into the side of his neck, thumb rubbing at the mating gland soothingly. "Don't worry. You're my everything now."

George cooed in the back of his throat at the soft murmur, blinking up at his boyfriend as they

exchanged adoring looks. Then he smirked, not being able to resist another quip. "I fucking better be."

"You are. Now hush." Dream kissed his neck, and the Omega obligingly shut up, closing his eyes and revelling in the huffs of hot breath the other was exhaling against his neck as he nibbled and licked his way downwards.

"But you know, speaking of... when I was with that other guy, I was wondering..." Dream sucked another hickey onto George's chest before looking at him with lustful eyes. "How you'd want me to treat you in bed. Would you want me to take my time pampering you, praising you, working you open and wet so that you could take my cock inside you without a fuss?"

George whimpered at the thought, heat rushing downwards at the idea of Dream being so gentle with him. But the next words made him fully moan with lust.

"Or would you want me to fuck you hard and rough into the bed until you're screaming for release, so pretty and desperate under me as you beg for me to go faster, harder, to make you cum with my name on your fucked-out, plump red lips?" Dream gave him a hungry look as he moaned and wriggled, and then nipped at a part of his soft neck before licking and soothing it with a rumble deep inside his chest.

"I can do both, you know. I can do whatever you want me to, Georgie. I can take you however you want, make you feel so good, make you scream with pleasure." Dream reached down to suddenly grasp at his hard dick, making him gasp and buck his hips.

"Please, Dream!" He whined as Dream pulled away again.

The Alpha shook his head almost mockingly. "Sorry, I don't think you want to cum so soon, do you? Don't you want me to do a little more for you, baby?"

George blinked at the pet name, eyes going wide and face flushing. Dream, noticing his reaction, gave a crooked smile, briefly breaking out of the dominating front.

"Yeah, you seemed to like it when I called you that last night. But if you don't want me to call you that now, that's fine too, Georgie."

"N-No," George hastily amended. "I like it... I like the pet names. Make me feel..." *Safe. Yours.*
"Please, do it more."

Dream pressed a soft kiss on his lips before smirking cockily. George swallowed, the smug look doing inexplicable things to his insides. "Oh yeah? You think you've worked hard enough to earn them?"

The Omega tossed his head back at the deep chuckle. Something about Dream dominating him so easily made heat curl deep in his gut. "I- Dream, please!"

"Mm, I dunno..." the Alpha leaned back loftily. "Convince me."

He probably only meant for George to kiss him hard, but the Omega felt a sudden desire to please his partner as much as possible. He sat up and bent down to press a kiss to Dream's exposed erection, making the other man gasp in surprise.

"I- you don't have to, George." He said chokingly as the Omega licked at the head as a test, using his hand to hold it up straight. "I didn't mean-"

"Does it feel good?" George just asked, and when Dream opened his mouth to answer he cheekily swiped his tongue over the slit, making the other cut off with a moan. The precum beading at the tip was salty and bitter, but George found himself not minding it.

"You brat- yes, it feels good." He glared playfully down at him, and George smiled.

"I want to make you feel good too, Dream." He said gently, and the way the taller man's gaze softened was unmistakable. "Besides, didn't you suck my dick last night? Don't you think I should return the favor?" George remembered brief snatches of what had happened, and there was a distinct memory of Dream's warm, wet mouth sucking him in as he moaned and shook, heat spreading across his body like a wildfire.

"I- Ah!" Dream jerked as he began to mouth at the head, hips bucking slightly before he forced himself to stay still. "Damn it, George--"

George snickered and ran his tongue down the shaft, mouthing at it gently with his lips. He reached up and pressed Dream's hands into his hair.

"C'mon, Alpha, I'm not a china doll." He whispered heatedly as he looked up at the blond from underneath his reddening cock. "Thought you said you were going to make me scream?"

Dream groaned at the sight and the challenging words, eyes half-lidded as he took the invitation and gripped George's hair with his large hands. "Don't test me." He rumbled as he pulled experimentally at his dark hair, and George hummed, narrowing his eyes slyly.

"What if I want to?"

He was being a bit of a brat, he knew, but it was in his nature, and it didn't seem like Dream was complaining in any way. In fact he moaned slightly before tugging the Omega's head forward slightly so that he pressed into his cock with a gasping whine.

"Then that just means I'll have to punish you, doesn't it?" He rumbled lowly, and by God if that didn't make the Brit shiver.

"Go on then, Alpha, make me feel you." He moaned back before taking in the cock again, placing his mouth just at the sensitive tip and swirling his tongue around like a tease. Dream's hips instinctually jerked up into the warmth of his mouth, and George fought back his gag reflex as his cock hit the back of his throat, bringing his head back for a quick cough.

"Sorry--" Dream began, before George placed a reassuring hand on his arm.

"It's okay- Don't have much of a gag reflex. My fault for teasing." he mumbled before diving back down and bobbing his head up and down on the Alpha's dick.

He pressed his tongue underneath the sensitive head and then across the prominent veins as he sucked hard to provide the optimal amount of suction, his hands working and massaging the rest of the shaft. He moaned at the way Dream continued playing and pulling at his hair, and the vibrations made the Alpha above him moan as well.

"Fuck George- that's it, that's so good--"

He hadn't really done this too often before, and he hadn't done it in a long while. But he still knew enough to please his partner, if the moans and gasps coming from Dream's mouth were any indication. He reveled in the sounds, proud that he was giving the Alpha his pleasure.

He worked his way down the shaft, taking in a few inches at a time and pushing past his gag reflex, before he finally was pressed to the base of the cock, deepthroating the Alpha's length like a champ. He reached up to massage the balls as well, and the Alpha arched with a shout before regaining his control and looking down at the Omega just holding his cock in his throat.

"God, you look..." Dream hissed lowly as he took in the sight- George with teary, dark eyes, flushed cheeks hollowed out and his plush red lips around his cock. "So fucking beautiful. Debauched and all for me. I could cum right now, right down your throat-" And he pulled the Omega off his dick roughly, making him whine. "But I won't. Not until I'm inside you, that's what you want, right baby?"

George moaned at the slight pain in his scalp before nodding slightly, pleadingly. Dream smirked at the lewd look on his face. "I knew it. Get on your knees for me then, Georgie."

The Omega obliged, propping himself up on his elbows as he shuffled to present his ass to the Alpha, who growled in pleasure at the submissive position. But apparently not submissive enough, because George felt his hips be pulled back higher and his head be pressed into the pillow in his arms, making his back arch and a whine be pulled out of his mouth.

"Yeah, just like that Georgie, you look so pretty like that." He heard Dream growl behind him and press a kiss and a nip to his spine. "Look so perfect, so dirty, spread out and waiting for my cock, huh?"

The Omega whimpered at the dirty words, unable to respond with his normal amount of snark. "Oh, come on, Dream, don't make me wait-"

Dream chuckled at the need in his voice. "Aw, but you look so pretty, can't I enjoy it for a bit?" George whined and shook his ass, and the Alpha snickered again. "Okay, okay, I get it, you need me inside you. But gimme a second to stretch you, m'kay babe?"

George jerked as Dream promptly prodded his hole with careful fingers, swiping at the slick pooling and then trickling down his taint and using it to insert his index finger and then his middle. The Omega huffed and rested his head on the pillow to muffle his small noises of pleasure as Dream gently stretched him.

"Oh no you don't." The Alpha said disapprovingly, taking a fistful of the Brit's dark hair and using it to pull him backwards so that he couldn't hide in the pillow. "I want to hear all of your pretty little noises as I fuck you."

"Ahh... Dream..." George moaned as Dream leaned over to suck at the back of his neck, his clavicle, and then down his back all the while continuing to stretch him out.

"That's right, just like that." He felt the rumbles of the low, smug growl against his spine, making him shiver. "Wanna hear you beg for me, wanna hear you scream for me?"

"Dream- please-" He gasped as the Alpha removed his fingers with a wet squelching noise, which made him flush hotly. Dream chuckled deeply as he leaned back, and George could feel the blunt, hot head of the cock press against his hole.

"You ready, baby?"

The Omega writhed for a second before Dream's steady hold held him still. "Fuck- yes, Dream, goddamnit."

Even with all of the preparing, though, George let out a low hiss of pain as Dream entered him,

back arching in discomfort as his muscles cried out in protest. He felt Dream stop pushing in immediately at the noise.

"You're still sore from yesterday, huh?" Dream murmured gently, pressing a hand at the curve of George's back. "Do you want to stop here?"

He shook his head into the pillow, turning over slightly to fix the Alpha with a bit of a glare. He probably looked like a mess, but it seemed that the other found the pout on his lips attractive considering how his eyes widened and then narrowed.

"Please, Dream, I want to know what you feel like inside me." He said coyly, and the other swallowed and involuntarily jerked his hips a little deeper in at the words, making the Omega keen.

"I- yeah, okay, but tell me if it hurts, okay?" Dream whispered before leaning over and pressing a kiss onto his shoulder tenderly. George smiled at how gentle his Alpha was really being between the domination and nodded.

"Yeah, yeah okay, now fuck me into the bed like you mean it." He shoved backwards and grinded down on the other briefly, and Dream gave a low growl.

His hands stopped stroking up and down the Omega's pale back and instead came to grip at his hips commandingly. "Are you in a place to give me orders, I wonder, brat?"

George opened his mouth to answer cheekily, heat swelling at the dark tone, but the only thing that left his mouth was a drawn out moan as Dream slid all the way in, bottoming out so that his crotch was right against George's ass. "Ahhhhhggn!"

Dream chuckled at the whimper as he pressed his thumbs into the sides of George's hips, giving him time to adjust while still putting up a show of dominance. "What a pretty little sound. I'm gonna make you cry my name in the same way soon." He cooed as George dropped his head into his arms and gasped.

"God, you're so *thick* ." He was glad he had been stretched out from last night as well as this morning, and definitely understood why he had been so sore, because as much as he knew that Alphas in general were well-endowed, and though he personally knew Dream's size from years of living together (you can't be roommates for long before you learn everything about the other's physique, willingly or unwillingly), he had never really considered how big his best friend was, even for an Alpha.

(or more like he had never let himself consider.)

And it wasn't like George was a virgin, or new to any butt stuff, but he didn't really indulge too often in those base instincts, mainly because he hated the idea of being so intimate with someone he didn't trust. Being an Omega gave you a weird relationship with sex because so many people still considered it your only purpose in life, and he definitely didn't want to play into those stereotypes.

But being connected with another person in this way felt so strangely right, like he had been denying something so fundamentally him for so long that finally accepting it was like a breath of fresh air.

And above all else, it was with Dream. He was connected to his best friend, his partner in crime, the annoying but kind and strong Alpha who he had been through so much with.

He heard the Alpha in question inhale worriedly, and then lean forward to press his chest to his back comfortingly. A hand came up to swipe at his face, and George realized there were tears trickling down his face again. "George, are you okay? We don't have to- I don't want you to-"

"No no, I just..." He cut off the other's worried rambling and shakily turned his head to face him. He smiled brightly despite the tears. He was sure that he looked like a fucking ditz, but he couldn't care, the joy in his voice evident as he quavered, "I'm just really happy right now."

Dream froze, then gave a relieved, fond sigh. "You jerk, I thought I had hurt you." He pressed a sweet, chaste kiss onto his lips, then began slowly nibbling at them as George adjusted to his size.

"You're not *that* big." George wiped the last of the tears away and lied through his lips as he wiggled his hips to let the Alpha know he was ready for more. "I've had bigger."

The other growled at the bratty words, slipping back into the dominating persona. "Oh yeah? You really are a brat, aren't you, Georgie?" As he spoke darkly, he leaned back again and drew his hips out and then back in quickly, his grip on the Omega's hips like a vice. George moaned loudly, the movement almost like a pleasurable punch in the gut.

"You've had bigger? God, you *slut* ." He heard Dream growl through the haze of pleasure as he continued moving in and out of him. The dirty talk made his dick twitch, and he tossed his head back in approval. "Oh, you like that? I knew it. I knew you'd want to be called like the dirty little slut you are."

"Yea- Yess!" George hissed. "Please, Alp- Dream, please go faster, please I can take it, please I want to feel you-"

At the pleading, messy whines falling from his lips, the Alpha chuckled deeply. "You want more? Greedy little slut, aren't you?" When the Omega whimpered loudly and shuddered, he pressed an open-mouthed kiss quickly over the knob of his spine. "Fine, I'll give it to you. I'll give it to you hard."

He began to angle his thrusts, and George knew he was searching for his sweet spot from this position. When he grazed it, pleasure like firework sparks sparkled up and then down his spine, and he whimpered loudly to let him know. By the way the thrusts began to angle for that area, he knew that Dream had gotten his message loud and clear.

George whined and moaned, unable to stop the desperate sounds of pleasure. They echoed over the creaks of the bed frame and the slaps of sweaty skin against skin as the taller man made good on his promise and began thrusting harder and faster, and George could see stars flying behind his eyelids. Fuck, Dream was good at this. Almost unfairly good. "Ah, Dream, feel good, I - ah!"

"I bet you made those pretty noises for others too, huh Georgie?" They both knew that he didn't, but the jealous heat in Dream's voice made him feel weak anyways. "Did you scream and moan and plead for them to go deeper, harder, faster too?"

George whimpered as the Alpha continued slamming into him, and he could practically hear the smug smirk in his next words. "Well, you're mine now, baby, and you make all of these pretty noises for me and no one else, got it?" Through the bolts of pleasure arcing through him, George felt him lean over him commandingly, his hips still pistoning into his prostate, and bite down on his shoulder like a brand.

The added pain-turned-pleasure of the bite added to the heat broiling in his gut made him moan wantonly, beginning to reach his peak already. His cock throbbed with every thrust, and George

knew that if he could just reach down and touch himself it would all be over. But he couldn't, his elbows were occupied with holding himself up from Dream's brutal thrusts.

"Please! Ah- Please Dream, please-" He managed to say brokenly, before breaking off into another loud whine when Dream *ground* into his prostate meanly and insistently, making his toes curl and his fingers grip the bed sheets so hard that his knuckles turned white. "Agh! Dream!"

"Yeah? Yeah, what is it, baby?" The Alpha rumbled into his ear teasingly before nipping at it. He snickered as a shudder ran through the man under him. "What can I do for you?"

"Please- please touch me-"

Dream chuckled in that annoying, teasing way he did when he was about to ask for something, and George felt his heart tremble. How the fuck did he stay in such control even when fucking him into the bed? "You want me to touch you, Georgie? You want me to jerk you off and make you cum hard like last night?"

George gasped and nodded desperately, jolting and clenching down hard when the other landed another direct hit on his prostate (which hurt a bit but also added to the heat in his gut).

"I dunno Georgie, it's an attractive proposition, but not sweet enough. Maybe if you did something for me... maybe then I'd feel nice enough to-"

"What-what do you want?" He gasped and shuddered. Normally he'd barter a bit more but he was so, so close, and the fastest way to his release was appeasing whatever request the other had for him.

He could practically see the hungry look on Dream's face as his voice dropped impossibly deeper. "Tell me who you belong to, baby. I want you to scream so loud our whole dorm can hear you. I want the whole campus to know you're mine now." He could hear the Alpha possession come through in his usually chill voice, and it made something inside him quail and sigh.

But the idea of being so unabashedly lewd made the rational side of George whimper with embarrassment. "I-I can't-"

His Alpha made a displeased sound as he snapped his hips insistently into the Omega's sweet spot. "Oh? You can't? But you can, baby, and you will, so that everyone knows that you belong to me now. You're mine, Georgie, you're mine and no one's gonna dare try to take you from me now."

"Ah-Dream, Dream please, fuck-" He moaned out pleadingly.

"Thought you wanted me to touch you?" The other tutted teasingly, and his hand quickly clenched and then disappeared from around George's cock like a ghost. George gasped and tried to follow it for more, but Dream's other large hand around his waist gripped him hard. "Uh uh, Georgie, you have to do what I asked. You did it last night when you wanted me to jerk you off, you were so pretty so desperate and whining, and I want to see it now too."

What the fuck did he ask for last night? George wondered briefly before shaking his head, mind frazzled from the pleasure and the lack thereof. "I- I-"

"Who do you belong to, George?" His Alpha demanded, a territorial growl undertoning his voice, jerking his hips against him, and George broke.

"You- I belong to you, Dream-"

The other hummed disapprovingly and snapped his hips into him, sheathing himself directly into George's prostate, and the Omega screamed, the coil in his stomach right on the verge of snapping. "Louder."

George felt tears build in his eyes as he tossed his head back to expose the tendons of his sweaty neck to the man behind him and wailed, "YOU! Dream please, I'm yours, I belong to you, Alpha, I only belong to you, please-" And then he scream-moaned as he felt the pressure and warmth that he had wanted so badly finally squeeze around his cock, his whole body tensing and clenching hard in preparation for his release.

"Fuck yeah you do baby, you're so good for me." He distantly heard Dream grunt into his ear as he played with his head and shaft deftly. "So tight, so pretty around me, so pretty when you scream my name like that- come on, cum for me, cum, good boy-"

"Fuck fuck fuck *fuck Dream!*" He screamed as he arched his back and shook with the force of his release, cum spilling over onto Dream's hand as sparks flew behind his eyes.

Suddenly the pressure ramping up just evaporated, and rushing outwards in its place in his gut was ripples of electricity, of pleasure, all shuddering and quivering across him like a star had died in a blaze of glory and was spreading stardust across him.

His body tensed so hard he knew he'd be feeling it later, like all his muscles were about to vibrate so hard they exploded. He felt warmth blossom inside of him and Dream shout in pleasure as he went limp on the bed, breathing ragged and eyes shut, and suddenly there was a warmth at his side and a hazy, satiated silence in the air.

After a while of just catching his breath and coming back into awareness, he felt a chaste, warm kiss be pressed to his forehead, soft exhales of air brushing across his face. "That was so good, baby, you clenched so hard on my dick when you came- felt so fucking good." Another kiss was pressed into his neck, and George sighed.

"You okay, George? I didn't knot you since you've already taken my knot last night and the stretch can't feel too pretty, so don't worry."

He nodded feebly, not trusting his voice to come out strong enough. In a second he'd work up the energy to look at Dream, but for now he was just focused on, you know, breathing, since the last night's activities, early morning's panic, and then the high-intensity of their passionate sex had left him feeling satiated but worn out.

He felt the warmth shift and then leave him, and whined slightly. He heard Dream chuckle and press a soothing hand into his cheek. "I'll be back in a second. You need some water and some snacks and then we can cuddle for however long you want, does that sound good?"

Ah right, aftercare. George mustered up the energy to nod, and Dream kissed him on his brow again before shuffling off.

He was back in a matter of seconds, and then George felt him pulling him up into a sitting position. He whined slightly and Dream made a soothing sound as he sat against the headboard, leaned him back, and pressed him to his chest reassuringly. He held a water bottle up to George's lips tenderly, and the Omega drank deeply before pressing his nose into Dream's neck with a mumble.

Dream cuddled him close, nuzzling into his hair. "You should eat something too, George, you haven't eaten since yesterday morning. I have some snacks."

It seemed like an eternity ago. George was feeling quite hungry, but he was too tired to eat at that moment. He forced himself to speak. "Mm... can we... stay like this ... for a bit more?" His voice was gummy and sore, and Dream hummed in agreement.

The Alpha began absentmindedly rubbing his hands across the Brit, stroking up his sides and his arms softly. "We should probably take a shower soon too, and change the sheets. We probably smell... well, like we were fucking."

The blunt words made George huff with laughter. "Smell like you." and it was true, George could smell the pine curl around him in a contented way.

"Yeah, I know. I love it, but it's a bit obvious that we had sex." Dream chuckled.

"Thought you wanted it that way? Smell like I belong to you?"

The Alpha rumbled pleasedly. "Hm... well if you put it in that way..."

They sat in peaceful silence for a while before Dream spoke again, hand carding through his hair like a caress. "Can you speak now, Georgie? I'd like to talk through what just happened."

George was feeling a little stronger, and he opened his eyes to see the world come back into focus. Dream's blond locks of hair hung in the corners of his sight, and he lazily reached up to play with them. He nodded softly.

"Okay then. How was it, George? How are you feeling? Can I do anything for you?"

"It was... really good. I felt... fucking fantastic. A little sore though." he said slowly, blushing. "And just being like this is... good."

"I'm glad." Dream cooed delightedly. "How was the dirty talk and stuff? You liked the praise last night, but you seemed in the mood for something... rougher today. Not that I'm complaining. It was really hot." he chuckled deeply, and George blushed harder.

He didn't usually vocalize his turn ons, but this was Dream, his boyfriend, and he was safe and Dream needed to know since they were probably... going to do this a lot more. He forced down the curl of arousal at that idea and forced his thoughts into order.

"I guess I like them both? Sometimes I like to feel good, like your-your good boy. But, I dunno, sometimes I want to feel- um, feel... p-punished too? Like a brat? Like y-your brat?" He stuttered, and he didn't miss the way Dream swallowed at that.

"Yeah. Yeah I can do that." The Alpha growled slightly, and George could feel his heart beat raise at that.

"Oh my god- I'm not going for another round today, I think you've wrecked my ass." He instantly protested, and Dream laughed.

"Okay. Not today. But next time." He pressed a kiss to George's knuckles, and the Brit groaned, butterflies in his stomach.

"Don't tease me like that!" He pouted.

"I think I'm the one being teased here. How am I supposed to resist when you're so pretty under me?" Dream said shamelessly. His hand stroked at George's stomach teasingly and the Omega jolted before pushing at the other's broad chest, warmth in his chest at the intimacy of it all.

“Oh, shush.” He leaned up to press a kiss into Dream’s lips, and the Alpha instantly reciprocated. After a while of slow, soft kissing, George peeled back with a question in his eyes.

“By the way, you said that you asked for something last night too? What was it?” He asked, and Dream froze and blushed hard.

“You’re- I’m not- It’s embarrassing and-” He rambled, and George only became more curious.

“What? What did you ask for?”

“I-” Dream looked away. “It was in a moment of weakness, and I didn’t-”

“Dream.” He took his hand gently. “I’m not going to judge you for it. In fact I probably enjoyed it lots.”

“...” he met his eyes weakly, red coating his cheeks. “I asked you to tell me you loved me.”

Pleasure, hot and bubbling, coiling in his gut and about to explode-

“Alpha, gonna cum, gonna cum! Please touch me!”

Desperation, want, overwhelming heat-

"Tell me you love me first."

Love? Love- love love love lo-

"Please, Alp- Dream, I love you! I love you so much!"

Then heat actually exploding, pleasure arcing from the hold around his dick, shuddering and trembling as a deep voice growled about how good he was.

Oh. George flushed at the memory that suddenly surfaced, and Dream colored further. “It just came out- you just looked so fucking- but I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to take advantage- well, I know now that you do actually love me but- still, I-”

“Shut up. You’re overthinking.” George kissed him softly, cutting off the fountain of words. He gave him a bashful look from under his lashes. “I think... I really enjoyed it.”

Dream paused, flushing again, eyes wide and vulnerable before he leaned in for another kiss.

“Okay.” Then he leaned into another one, and another one.

They kissed for a while again, Dream tracing lazy circles onto his hip as they connected over and over in the glow of the morning. Then George’s stomach rumbled rudely, making Dream laugh and George blush.

The blond pressed a final kiss onto George’s cheek before getting up and holding his hand out to him. “If you’re feeling better, we should really go get cleaned up and then get something to eat now.”

“Okaaay, Alpha.” He drawled slowly, smirking as he took the hand and watched Dream’s eyes narrow briefly.

“Now you’re really teasing me.” The Alpha growled as he pulled him in and nuzzled at his mating gland like the semblance of a claim. George knew he was scent marking him, though it was completely unnecessary considering he was pretty much drowning in the other’s scent at this point.

“Maybe I am.” He answered cheekily, and Dream rolled his eyes and bit at his shoulder in response, making him squeal. He pulled George out of bed gently, catching the Omega in a hug when his legs inevitably were too weak to stand on his own. The cum from last night and today began to trickle out of his ass, but George couldn't bring himself to care as he pressed his nose into the evergreen scent and sighed happily.

He felt a blossom of affection for the Alpha as he cradled him gently in his arms for a second, making sure that he could stand on his own before they parted. He could hear the steady thudding of his heart against his ear, count the freckles on his shoulders, smell the evergreen that constantly curled around him on his own body like a promise.

This was really happening. They were dating. Dream was his, and he was Dream's, and they were best friends and partners in crime and everything in between and further beyond.

“Dream-” He said suddenly, the name falling out of his mouth unplanned. The Alpha made a questioning noise.

“...I really love you.” He said softly, so soft that he wasn't sure if the other heard, his arms coming up to hug the other man.

Dream froze, then pressed his nose into his hair with a sappy smile as he hugged him back. “I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

Dream, the next day at football practice, changing in the locker room.

Football player: Woah, those are some wicked scratch marks on your back dude. And are those hickeys? Damn, about time you got laid. Wild night?

Dream: (pauses, then turns to make direct eye contact with Techno with a shit-eating grin) Yes.

Techno: (chokes and then mutters something about a pizza)

Over 12,600 words. Dear God. I'm going to eat ice cream in celebration.

like we were never two.

Chapter Summary

Epilogue. Lots of fluff.

Chapter Notes

Guess who's back to finally end it?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George hummed thoughtfully to himself as his fingers flew over his keyboard, working out the kinks in a particularly hard coding project. He leaned against the tree trunk as he gnawed at his lower lip, then shook his head softly before standing with a soft sigh, stretching hugely.

Suddenly, the air blossomed into pine and evergreen and rapid footsteps thudded closer.

“George!”

He barely had time to turn in the direction of the boisterous yell before his view was filled with blond hair and piss-colored hoodie. “Oof!” he grunted as Dream launched himself at the smaller boy, pushing him over onto the ground, and pinning him down like a golden retriever bowling over his owner with enthusiasm.

He propped himself up on his elbows to give his boyfriend a disgruntled look, half-irritated and half-fond. “Dream, you oaf!”

The Alpha just laughed delightedly as he stood up and pulled the smaller man into his arms. He seemed to try to wrap his whole body around him, pressing his nose into his neck and snickering gleefully as he tried to wriggle out of the iron grasp. “Heya, Georgie!”

“I thought I told you to stop doing that, it’s so weird-” George continued to chastise just for the sake of it, before he felt a soft, open-mouthed kiss be pressed upon his mating gland. He gasped and almost lurched back, but the Alpha just held him tighter, and George could feel his shit-eating smirk against his neck. “Oh, you-” He was cut off by a shaky noise at the back of his throat as the taller snickered and nipped him on the neck gently.

“You know you love it.” Dream hummed smugly and kissed the spot again, and the Omega couldn't hide the way his spine tensed and then went lax.

George huffed and gave up, leaning his head on Dream’s broad shoulder and inhaling that happy pine scent. “I don't know why you have to do this every time you see me, we live together. Surely it must be getting old.”

“Nooope!” Dream sang childishly, dragging out the “o” and popping the “p” as he pressed a chaste kiss to the base of George’s neck, then up to his forehead, then down to his nose and then hovering

over his lips. A shiver ran down George's spine even as embarrassment continued to color his pale cheeks, his eyelids fluttering closed.

"Ew!" Came another voice, mocking and thick with play-disgust. "Save that gross coupley shit for the bedroom, you two."

George peeled away from his Alpha's arms to see Sapnap shaking his shaggy raven hair as he dumped his bag on the floor and hooked his arm around the smallest man's neck to put him into a playful headlock. Dream laughed (that traitor) as George squawked and flailed.

"Sapnap! My hair!" He scrunched his nose as he finally escaped, punching his friend lightly in the arm, though the other seemed to barely feel it.

"Good to see you're back, Georgie." Sapnap said fondly. Then he made a face. "You absolute idiot."

"Hey!"

"No, no, he's got a point." Dream interjected, a smirk on his face as the Brit turned to him with mock outrage on his face.

"Who's side are you on?"

"Well, you did almost hurt yourself by denying your body the necessary routines." Dream chided, running a hand through his mussed-up hair and then wrapping an arm around his shoulders soothingly.

The Omega stuck his tongue out and jabbed his boyfriend in the side with a sharp elbow. "Keep talking and you're sleeping on the couch tonight, mutt."

"Aw but Georgie!" The Alpha yelped and instantly wrapped his arms around George, who just sniffed and looked away, vanilla scent curling with mischief.

Sapnap snickered. "Whipped."

Dream rounded on his best friend with an over-exaggeratedly peeved face, pulling the smallest boy along with him. "Hey now--"

"Let go of me, Dream--" George struggled against his grasp, reaching up to swat at his face. "I was being so productive before you idiots came and now everything's ruined."

"Why would you choose coding over us, Georgie?" Sapnap whined.

"Coding's not as annoying as you two." George retorted, reaching down for his laptop. But he saved and closed his work with a small smile that the other two caught.

George sat down, back against the trunk of the tree where he had been working before. Dream promptly settled down right in front of him, patting the ground like a dog preparing to lie down before leaning back to rest his head in George's lap with a cheeky grin. "Hey."

The Omega looked down, flustered. He opened and closed his mouth before shaking his head, a hand coming up to cover the lower half of his face. "I- You're really just- shameless, huh?"

"Only for you, babe." Dream said coyly back, reaching up to pull the hand downward off his face and plant a chaste kiss on the palm. "Only for you."

George blushed further and covered Dream's eyes with a groan. "That's so cheesy-"

"It worked, didn't it?" Replied the Alpha delightedly. "You're so fun to fluster, Georgie-"

"Ugh, stop flirting, you two." Sapnap crabbed, ripping up grass to throw at them as he settled down. "Bad's with Skeppy today and I don't feel like third-wheeling again."

"Aww, Sappy Nappy, feeling left out?" George cooed, sickeningly sweet as he placed a hand on his cheek and batted his eyelashes at the Beta, who immediately made a disgusted face and pretended to retch violently.

"Ew! That might work on the big green simp but not on me, thank you very much."

"I thought it was cute!" Dream said, a dopey smile on his face as he looked up.

"See? What a himbo." Sapnap laughed uproariously at the flush on the Omega's face.

"Dream- you're really just not helping our case here. You're really not the most inconspicuous, huh?" George sighed affectionately. "Especially with all of the PDA and shit, everyone's gonna know-"

"Oh please, everyone knew the second Dream came out of the room smelling like he fucked a vanilla cake." Sapnap said brusquely with a roll of his dark eyes, making Dream wheeze, eyes almost bulging out of his head, and George splutter.

"S-Sapnap!"

"What? No amount of showering's gonna get rid of the fact that you guys finally went at it." and he shuddered comically before smirking. "In fact, I think more money exchanged hands that day than when people were gambling on-"

"I can't belie- what do you- You were GAMBLING on if Dream and I-?!" George spluttered even more, face going bright red as Dream wheezed wildly, tears pooling in his eyes. "Sapnap, please don't tell me you-"

"I made a clean \$800 that day." The Beta said proudly.

George buried his head in his hands and Dream choked on his spit from laughing too hard. Then he drew in a gasping breath and stabbed an accusing finger at his best friend. "Wait! Then why did I buy you a pizza if you were profiting off of the fact that we-"

"Don't say it out loud!" George said shrilly, ears flaming red, hands flying up to cover his face. "And that is *NOT* the part you should be worried about!"

Sapnap gave a loud guffaw. "That pizza was just reparations for all the shit you guys put me through for four fucking years." He opened his eyes wide and began talking in a haughty, off key British accent, clasping his hands together like a fairy tale princess and swooning. "Oh, Sapnap, Dream's just *soooooo* handsome."

He fluttered his eyelashes comically, swooning to the side so hard that he fell over. Then he pretended to retch and die, rolling his eyes dramatically. "Oh gimme a break."

George's jaw dropped indignantly at the theatrics. "I did not say that!"

Dream chuckled. "Well, I am. I'm fucking hot." He looked up at George with half-lidded, hooded

green eyes, and the Omega scoffed half-mockingly.

“Oh, shut up, you smug Alpha bastard.”

“Yeah, it’s not like you were any better, Dream. At least George knew he liked you. You were just the MOST oblivious. Denser than a brick.” And Sapnap cleared his throat a few times before pulling on a dumb, guileless expression. “I dunno man, I just like his smile. And his eyes, and his laugh. Yeah, he’s cute. No homo though.” The Beta shook his head wildly. “*No homo?* No homo my fucking ass!”

“I-” Now it was Dream’s turn to flush while George giggled. The Alpha whined at the sight of his boyfriend looking teasingly down at him. “Ugh, Georgie... Cut me some slack, emotional intelligence isn’t really my thing.”

“Oh, believe me, we know, Dream.” The Beta said dryly. “But anyways, the money was me being a savvy businessman.”

George groaned. “How did Bad even allow this?” Bad was the Student Council Vice-President, and gambling was forbidden in their school.

“Are you kidding? Bad made almost \$600 dollars!” The Beta shrugged. “Not as much as me, but a well-deserved second place if I do say so myself. Besides, Schlatt set the whole thing up and you know how good he is at scamming people and making money, he made a sweet \$500-”

“I’m going to strangle you.” George said calmly.

“Like you can even reach my neck, midget.”

“I’m only like an inch shorter than you-”

“Well, that’s okay.” Dream said suddenly, cutting off their squabbling. George looked down incredulously as his boyfriend met his gaze with a cheeky smirk and a possessive Alphan flare in his green eyes. “Now everyone knows that you’re mine, and only mine.”

“I- your audacity is astounding.” George grumbled, though a fluttering warmth beat beneath his ribcage. Dream just chuckled and raised a large hand up to cradle the Omega’s cheek and guide him down for a chaste upside down kiss. George resisted for a second but eventually let himself be pulled down, eyelids fluttering closed as he savored the feeling of the Alpha’s chapped lips against his-

“Ewwww, guys, I’m leaving if you continue!” Sapnap gagged.

“At least now we know how to get Snapmap to leave if he gets too annoying.” George muttered as he pulled away from the kiss, cheeks still pink but much calmer.

“Oh, shush George. Besides, everyone was going to find out sooner or later considering you two aren’t afraid of all that icky gooey lovey dovey stuff.” He waved a hand at them. “Subtle isn’t really your thing.”

“What! We’re subtle!” George protested, only to be cut off by a shrill yell from across the quad.

“HEY! CONGRATS ON FINALLY GETTING YOUR HEADS OUT OF YOUR ASSES!” Tommy bellowed, a tiny red gremlin hopping up and down in the distance, with an unphased Tubbo next to him. Behind the two was the looming shape of Techno creeping up on him.

"BUT IF YOU KISS AGAIN I'M GOING TO- oOF! FUCK!" The gremlin yelped as Techno bonked him on the head none too gently and picked him up, slinging him over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes before giving them a quick nod and trundling off.

"Hey- *LANGUAGE!*" Came the second, resounding shriek from the other corner of quad, where Bad was sitting with Skeppy.

"Congratulations, you guys!" Tubbo waved at them happily before scampering alongside the stoic Techno and the screaming Tommy as the football player trotted dutifully back to the tall, cackling figure of their friend Wilbur and the fondly sighing blond Dean of Students, Mr. Philza.

"...Yeah. Subtle. Almost as subtle as Tommy is." Sapnap raised an eyebrow at George, and the Omega blushed.

"When you're together- ugh. It's like you can see a cloud of sappy lovey-dovey mist around you. Anime sparkles and all." The Beta shook his head resignedly before giving a stink eye to the reclining Alpha. "Also- You've only been together for a few days and I think Dream dies on the inside when he's away from you for more than 30 minutes. Like a big golden retriever or something."

"I do not!" Dream chuckled.

"Literally everyone in English today saw the way you kept looking at the clock and the way you like, tripped over a chair to get out the door back to your boyfriend, dude. You're not slick." Sapnap crabbed. "You looked like a kicked puppy while you waited and everyone knows why. In fact- you wanna hear about what happened in class recently, George?"

Dream froze as George cocked his head to the side curiously. "Yeah?"

"Oh, Sapnap, don't-"

"So you know how we're writing sonnets?" The Beta rolled over his protests gleefully.

"Yeah, didn't you write yours about that girl-"

Dream snorted loudly, obviously trying to change the subject. "Uh no, that chick was so last week, now Sapnap's making goo-goo eyes at one of Jimmy's friends, guy named Karl-"

"I-! Not important right now!" Sapnap scolded. George opened his mouth curiously to ask more but Sapnap continued steamrolling on.

"Because Dream, after a week of complaining that he had no muse..." Sapnap paused dramatically as Dream turned beet red. "Wrote his final sonnet on YOU."

"I- what?" George looked down at his boyfriend, who was covering his flushing face with large hands. "On me-?"

"And you guys call me a simp, Dream is the biggest simp out of all of us and here's the fucking proof." The beta said smugly as he sat back. He pulled out his phone and held it up, the voice coming out of it clearly Dream's, rough with tiredness yet warm with emotion as he read.

"-Dear heart who holds me with those darkened eyes

Let not our secrets hide my loving stare

The morning daylight bathes you in a guise

To catch my deluded heart unaware-"

Dream made a whining, gutturally embarrassed noise as he launched up and over to tussle with Sapnap, face uncharacteristically red as he pulled him into a headlock. "You- I can't believe you recorded it, you little *snitch*."

The Beta snickered as he pushed at the taller man's chest. "Well fuck, Dream, everyone heard it, everyone knew who you were referencing, we're not idiots- oh my god you should have *seen* the look on Techno's face, he looked so fucking dead inside-"

"Well, I guess it's okay as long as they don't, like, pry into our business." George sighed, cutting off the Beta and ignoring the bubbly feeling in his chest. For some reason, he didn't expect Dream to be such a romantic but now that the thought about it he definitely should have. His boyfriend was a sap.

"Trust me, no one wants to get in your business, you guys are gross." Sapnap teased as he pushed Dream back into George's lap. The taller man scoffed before leaning back again, cheeks still red. The Beta chuckled at the lingering embarrassment on his best friend's face before shrugging. "Speaking of Techno, when I was texting him to get a hold of you, Dream, he told me you weren't exactly very happy with him then? What was up with that?"

"Oh! I can answer that one. He was jealous because he thought Techno and I were a thing even though I had never even met him before." George said gleefully. "Poor guy, he told me later that he thought Dream was going to kill him or something."

Dream whined in embarrassment again, metaphorical tail between his legs. "I bought him a pizza and apologized!"

"Why am I absolutely not surprised that Dream's a jealous bastard? Possessive Alpha instincts and all that BS." Sapnap snickered. "But hey, you talked to him after?"

George nodded. "He's smart and nicer than he looks, he knew there was something wrong with me and seemed pretty concerned. So I went with Dream to apologize and we ended up talking a little. Apparently he has a sister who's Omega, so he's pretty familiar with our cycles. He's actually really nice, a huge softy even though he looks intimidating."

Dream had footed the costs for two pizzas, the three sharing them amongst themselves as they chatted. It was a little awkward at first, with none of them really knowing how to start, but eventually they fell into an easy roll with Techno talking about his family after George explained what had happened.

At the end of the night, Techno had given Dream a fist bump and had ruffled George's hair fondly, the Alpha instinct to take care of Omegas apparently coming through. Dream had unconsciously let out a low growl at that, still sensitive from their recent altercation, and Techno had rolled his eyes but backed off with a wave. George had teased his boyfriend mercilessly about that.

Dream was already beginning to puff up instinctively in George's lap at the affectionate way the Omega talked about the other Alpha, and George gave a soft laugh before carding his fingers through his Alpha's dark blond curls. "Calm down, idiot. Sap's right, you are a jealous bastard."

"Can you blame me?" He grumbled. "I just got you and you're already talking about Techno. You're really just a heartbreaker, huh Georgie?" And the only half-joking wounded look in his

eyes made George laugh warmly and press a kiss into his forehead.

"Dumbass."

"I'm just going to have to get used to this, aren't I?" Sapnap mumbled to no one in particular, rolling his eyes fondly at his two idiots. "Well, better this than seeing you two pine after each other every day. I'm happy for you dipshits."

"Don't talk like you haven't had a huge part to play in this!" George laughed and reached over to gently knock his knuckles into Sapnap's forehead. "You did this to yourself."

"Yeah this was a team effort! A group project! And you did like... a solid half of the work so." Dream agreed.

"Who was the other half?" George asked, and Sapnap rolled his dark eyes.

"Techno, obviously. Poor fucker."

They dissolved into giggles before petering off gently, sitting in comfortable silence for a second.

"But honestly. Thanks, Sap. Couldn't have done it without you." Dream murmured, hand reaching blindly to grasp at George's.

George nodded, intertwining their fingers. "We were being pretty dumb."

"Yeah, you were." Sapnap said with a fond, lazy smirk. "But all is well that ends well. Take care of each other or I'm beating one of you up. I put too much effort in this relationship."

They all shared a soft smile. For all their bickering and teasing, they did really truly care about each other.

But it wasn't long until Dream's soft expression morphed back into a devious one. "Anyways, do we wanna talk about your dear Karl Jacobs?"

"Oh- Fuck off!" Sapnap choked into a laugh, cheeks flushing. "Ruining the atmosphere-"

"What, is it our turn to wingman?" George said delightedly, leaping on the "Annoy Sapnap" train. "Repay the favor? Does little baby Sappy have a crush?"

"Yes he does, it's so obvious, every time he passes by Sapnap makes eyes at him-"

"Oh my god, shut up Dream! I don't make eyes at him-!" Sapnap howled, covering his face, ears flaming red.

"You deserve it for snitching on me! I'm supposed to be all cool and confident-"

"Literally no one thinks that-" George interrupted, making his boyfriend gape up at him.

"What the hell you're supposed to be on my side, you're my boyfriend! George!" And Dream sat up and shoved him to the side. Sapnap immediately pounced on his prone body and began tickling him, Dream joining in right after.

At that moment, laughing wildly and freely with the people he loved, George couldn't be happier.

Later, as night fell on their campus they said their goodbyes to Sapnap (who winked and said not to "stay up too late", making Dream wheeze and George scoff) and returned to their room.

The air was fragrant with that special nuance of their smells that only true happiness could bring—the scents of pine and vanilla entwining. Their room was their room, filled with the scents of just them, now their two distinct scents mingling into one. Their beds had been pushed together to make one bed, and that's where they sat as they enjoyed each other's existence.

Anyone who passed could smell their joy, which wafted off of them as Dream hugged his Omega close to him, nuzzling his hair and pressing chaste kisses onto his mating gland. George hummed happily as he pressed his nose into Dream's collarbone in response.

"I love you." He whispered as they slid under the covers, facing his Alpha as he nestled close.

"I love you too." Answered the other, placing a soft kiss on his forehead, and the two fell asleep in a cloud of their own contentment.

If you had told George a week ago that he would go into heat and it would be the best thing to happen to him, that he would finally be able to stop pining after his best friend and instead kiss and hug and have him want him back, he wouldn't have believed it.

But in the moonlight dappled spring evening, with the happy, loving scent of fresh evergreen and surrounding him, the heavy blond head nestling on top of his, the way that their legs tangled together under the blankets, and the strong hand that came to rest on his side and pull him closer, he couldn't believe his luck instead.

The feelings had come easily. Getting here had been hard. But in the end, George could not be happier about where they were now.

Chapter End Notes

Heeyyy guys!

So I know its been... three months (yikes, where does the time go) but now that break's starting I'm finally back to finish this little work. It's accumulated a lot of readers and I really didn't want to let y'all down.

Small question... is it cringe to go back to Chapter 5 and respond to some of the comments left there? I had to leave like... immediately after the posting of the chapter so I couldn't respond to a lot of the comments there like I usually do. I don't want to just leave them... is it bad to go back and respond? Has that time passed? Has that ship sailed?

Hope you guys enjoyed reading. I still do have some accompanying one shots set in the same timeline (like how George and Dream met, and how George found out he had a crush on Dream, and all that kind of fluffy stuff) that I might upload sooner or later (probably later...) just to round out the series.

This community has grown a lot since I've taken my little break and I just want to say I'm glad so many people are finding joy in the dnf writing community. As always, a reminder to be nice to the CCs and to respect and not to be mean to anyone (we're here to have fun and be good people, please and thank you), and thanks for bearing with me! Hope it was worth the wait :)

Make sure to drink water and eat meals and take care of yourselves, since 2020 was really just a sucky sucky time and have a good holiday season. Love, athasa.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!